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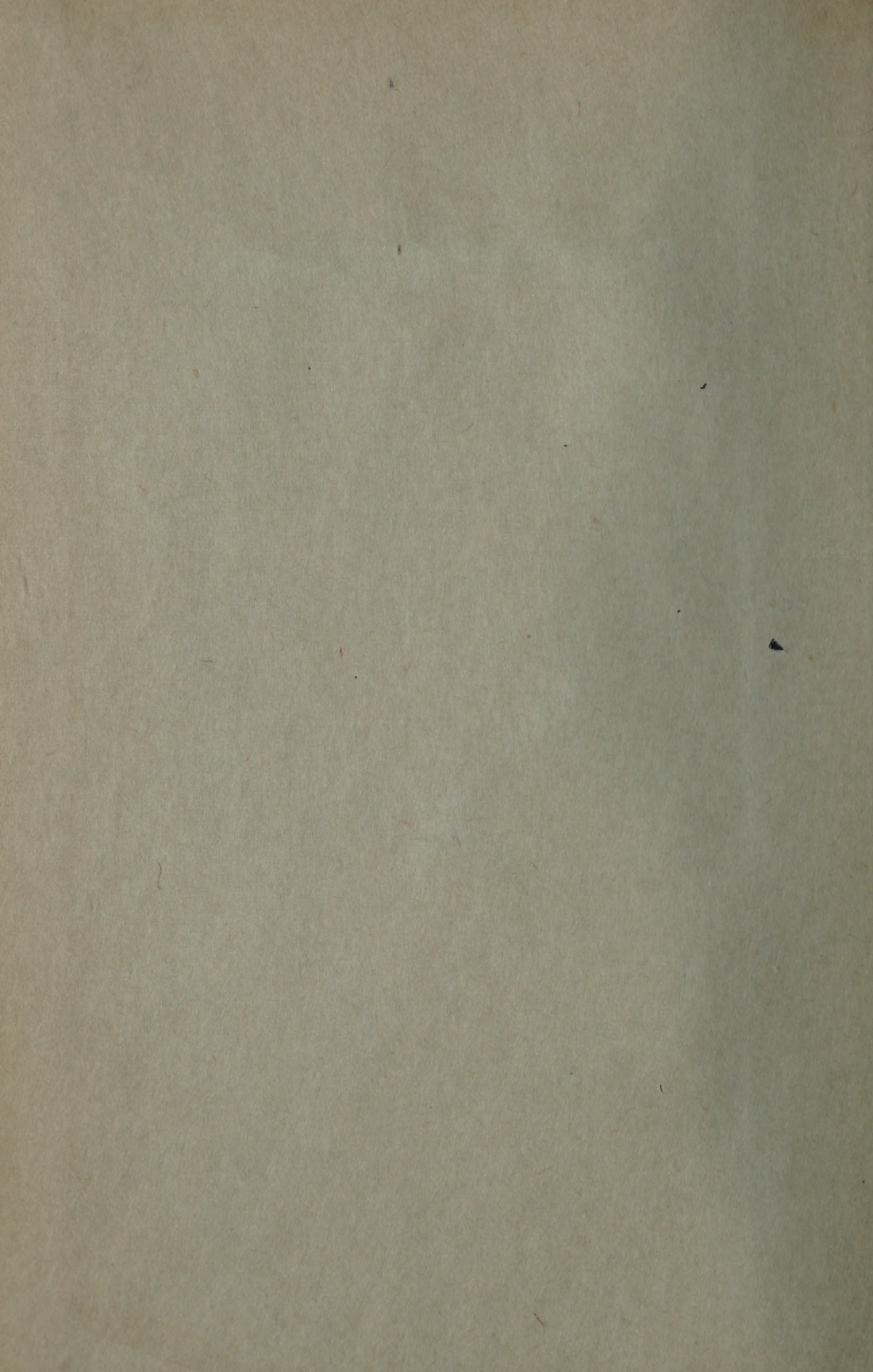
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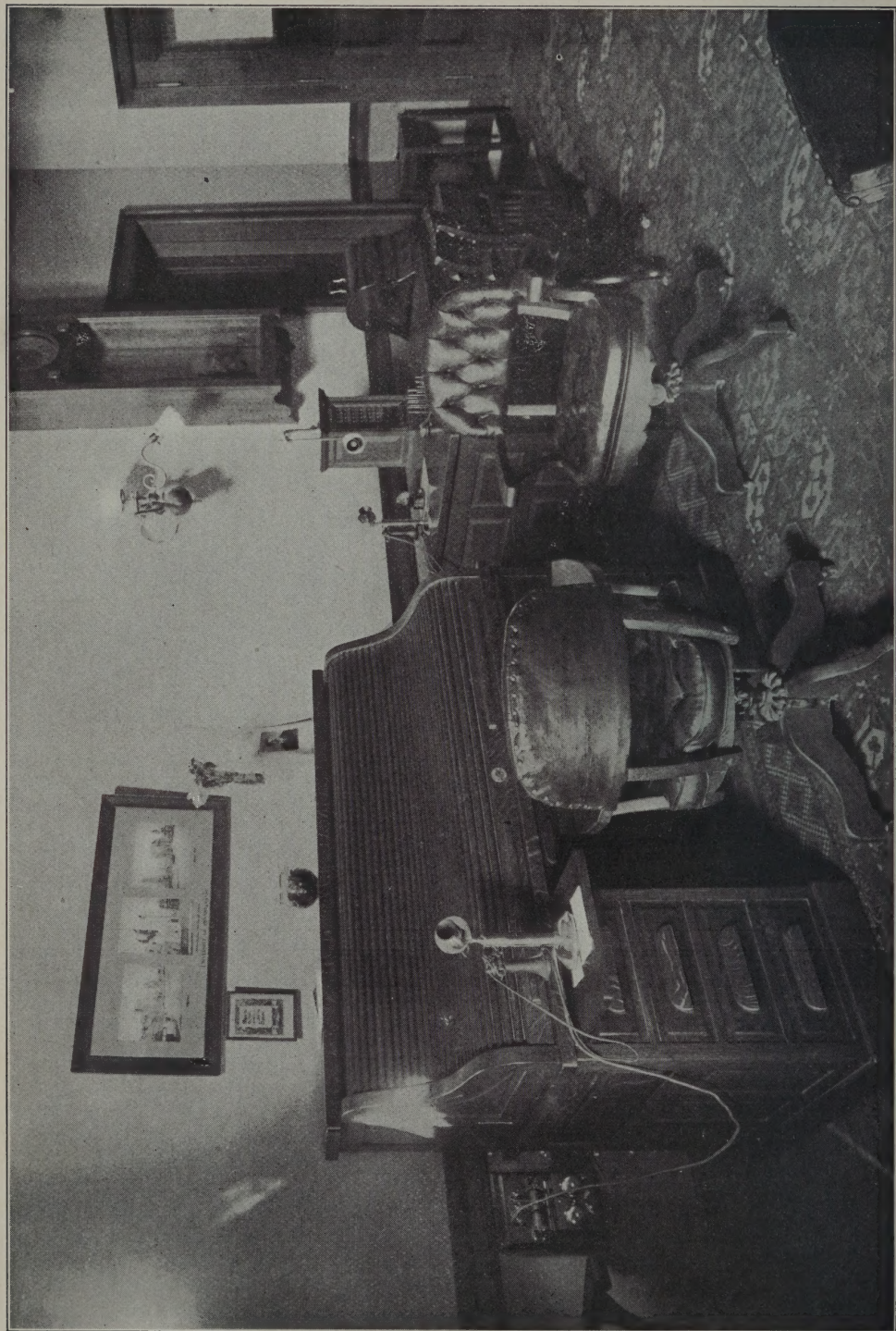
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PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

THE MAGNET

Vol. IV. LEOMINSTER, MASS., OCTOBER, 1910. No. 1

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Nellie Pierson, '11 }
Nellie Lothrop, '11, Subscription Editor
Alice Garland, '04, Alumni Notes
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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



THE interest scholars take in their work depends largely upon the teachers. Without this interest it is difficult for them to keep their minds on their studies, especially during the pleasant days of autumn when everything seems to say, "Come out and leave those dry old books." So if the faculty does not take particular care at this time of year to stimulate interest, the whole student body is liable to obey these voices some day, and run pell-mell out of doors. The physical training classes are a temporary relief for that get-out-of-doors feeling for, as yet, they have been conducted outside.

Sewing and cooking classes at the High School building are a great addition and are well patronized. Even the boys have thoughts of taking up the latter subject, and who knows but ere long L. H. S. will be turning out hundreds of first class chefs?

Our victories in football, especially the one over our rival Fitchburg, have helped to raise school spirit, which together with the former things goes a long way toward making this school year successful.

The MAGNET has yet to prove whether it will add to or detract from this year's success. Perhaps we should rather say that the pupils of the L. H. S. wish to prove that they can run a paper which shall in every way be a credit to themselves. For to them belongs all the credit and discredit that may come from it. It is theirs, not the editors' alone. They will endeavor to produce a magazine which shall be of interest to its readers. If the first number fails to please you, remember that practice makes perfect, and give us another chance. We would ask each and every loyal Leominsterite to answer these two questions: Is a school paper of benefit to the school? Do you wish to support that which is a benefit to the school? Then act accordingly.

M. E., '11.

NO matter how good a thing may be, it is sure to have its faults. So it is with THE MAGNET. We realize this; but often what others can see, we ourselves overlook until it is pointed out to us. Some may think too much space is given to the literary pages. Others who do not care for and are not interested in sports, will probably say that such a page is foolish, and not necessary to a good paper. While still others will say that the humorous side of the paper is made too important. For this reason THE MAGNET will welcome gladly any suggestions which the Exchange columns of other papers may make. For through these columns we, so to speak, "see ourselves as others see us."

HELEN C. RICHARDSON, '12.



Into the Land of Memories

I stand on the shore of the night wrapped bay
And watch the gleaming of waves at play,
 And the shining stars on high.
I watch where the jeweled heavens reach
Till they kiss the shores of the sandy beach,
 Where the dusky shadows lie,
While the moon a paling glimmer throws
Across the chasm of dark repose.

And here, while I sit alone by the sea,
A lonely sense steals over me,
 Like a cloud which threatens storm.
And letting the dikes of memory fall,
Old dreams rush over me, past recall,
 Old joys in fantastic form.
Adrift I am swept by the roaring tide
Into the land where memories hide.

And I roam through the kingdoms of long ago
Forgetful of Time and its ceaseless woe,
 For this is enchanted ground.
And reveling here in the sunlight of dreams
I am dazed by the brightness that flows from its beams
 And lights up the way all around.
No shadows lurk in this wonderful land,
No gloom lies over the glistening sand.

O why may I not with memories dear
Dream my life quite away as I now dream it here,
 Forgetful of present sorrows?
O why are we caught in the drift of the years
That change the sweet nectar of pleasure to tears,
 And hide all our hopes of tomorrows?
Back, back, O hoary ocean of Time,
Go thou thy way, and let me go mine.

HELEN WOODBURY, '11.

The Week of the Board Exams

THE week of the Board exams.—oh, yes, very clearly do you remember that endless week of shaking and shivering, which stands out foremost in your mind among the reminiscences of school life. This great event took place in the latter part of June, during some scorching days. It was the thing to which you had been looking forward for a long time, and was the direct cause of a vast amount of plugging and cramming in the preceding days and weeks.

To those among the number who were taking the finals for entering college, it was exceeding important that they should pass the exams. creditably, while those who were taking the preliminaries were almost equally anxious to have them over and off their minds.

At the first examination, which happens to be the dreaded geometry, it is nerve-racking to have to sit quietly in your seat after receiving your number and necessary working materials, and wait for the seconds to drag by until the examination papers should be distributed, and you could really begin work in earnest. You wonder if the exam. will be terribly hard; if the problems will be entirely unheard of; if you will be able to finish it in the allotted time; and ask yourself thousands of other useless questions.

The suspense is indeed awful until you have glanced hurriedly down the paper, and find that there are one or two questions which do not seem too impossible to you. And then you get busy. There is no time to lose, and you know that you must work hard. You struggle through two, three, four—and soon forget that it is college entrance board exam. and entirely lose yourself in the mazes of geometrical figures and lines. Before you realize it, the proctor gives the ten-minutes warning, and soon the ordeal is over. There is a grand rush from the room, and each begins to talk to his neighbor upon the solution of this or that problem, and to compare results.

On the next day there is the same trial to go through, except that the newness has worn off, and you do not feel that peculiar trembling about your knees as you enter the room. This time it is Latin and perhaps not quite so hard as you expected. When the students have survived this, again there is the hurried departure from the room, and loudly-whispered consultations in the hall, until the principal comes out with his "word to the wise is sufficient."

Thus the week slips by. Sometimes two, three, or even more exams. come on one day, but every one breathes a great sigh of relief at the end of the week. Of course you are as pessimistic as the others in being sure that you have flunked everything, but you live in high hopes until the reports of the exams. come out a few weeks later. What feelings you experience when you find the long, narrow envelope awaiting you at the post office! You dread opening it, but finally screw up your courage and, with grim determination

break the seal. In your haste and anxiety you almost tear the sheet. What! is it possible? You have passed all except one examination. You are entirely happy, and begin to think that perhaps board exam. week has its joys as well as its sorrows.

A Queer Combination

A True Story

IT WAS a hot sultry afternoon in the latter part of August. A perfect day to sit still and endeavor to keep cool, but such could not be the case with Ruth Phillips, Louise Rich and myself. We had made up our minds to go to make a call, and call we would and must.

We were sensible enough, however, to wait until the latter part of the afternoon, when it was a trifle cooler. About four we started out along a shady country road. Not far away we could hear the beat of the great ocean on the rocks; for the road we were traveling ran parallel to the beach.

We were tired enough to rest a bit when we had reached the top of Ferry Hill. From here there was a beautiful view; off in the distance was the Miles Standish monument in Duxbury, and in the other direction a vast expanse of ocean, dark and cold, as is always the case, for a few days, after a northeast storm.

Finally recovering our breath, we trudged along in the dust of the road until we came in sight of the house; and that large, cool veranda did look good to us! Our hostess, Mrs. Cranford, came out immediately and greeted us most cordially.

You can imagine that when she said, "You're tired, every one of you. Won't you have a drink to cool you off?" there was not a negative answer in the three replies.

She turned to me then and said, "Would you mind helping me a little? Victoria is ironing."

Victoria is an old colored "mammy" who has lived in the Cranford family for a long, long time. She was once a slave, when she was quite young. Now she is unable to read and write.

Mrs. Cranford arranged a tray ready to be carried to the porch. There were four tumblers, each in its holder, a plate of wafers, and one of cake, besides a dish of Bailey's. She next brought out a bottle of grape-juice and one of ginger ale.

"Fill the glasses about a third full with the grape juice, please," she said, "and then fill them up with the ginger ale."

I did this, and was about to carry the tray out, when she said, "You don't give full measure. I should hate to have you for my grocer. Wait a minute till I get another bottle of ginger ale from Victoria."

A few minutes later she returned and added a little to each glass. We passed the things, and then warned the girls if they didn't help themselves they would have to go hungry.

Finally we were seated comfortably, ready to enjoy the cool drink.

"Mercy!" almost shouted Mrs. Cranford, "what has gone into this stuff? "Then looking at the bottle she sank limply back in her chair, "Schlitz's Beer."

HELEN C. RICHARDSON, '12.

Les Lis Rouges

CHAPTER I

"**I**S THERE nothing more to do, Dr. Barrow?"

"No, Miss Forsythe," replied the doctor.

He was a large, well-built man of thirty, with light hair and blue eyes. People trusted him instinctively because of his kindly, resolute face.

June Forsythe was his assistant. She kept his accounts and helped in many other ways about the office. Tall, dark, and graceful, she drew the eyes of many people, but she was sweet and unspoiled. She had been in Dr. Barrow's office nearly a year. She had grown to like him more than she was willing to admit even to herself. And never by word or look had any one guessed her feeling—least of all the doctor himself.

Having a few moments' leisure, she sat down by the open window with her embroidery. She was working a sofa pillow which had a beautiful though unusual design of red lilies. She had been working for some time when Dr. Barrow turned from his desk to look out the window into a neighboring rose-garden. As his glance fell on the sofa pillow, he started.

"Why, Miss Forsythe, where did you get so unusual a design?"

"Where? Why—I—it is my own drawing!" His sudden question startled her. "It is for my younger sister. I thought she would like it, for lilies like this grow in a swamp back of our old Southern home. I have never seen any except there."

"Most likely not!" was all Dr. Barrow said as he wheeled around to his desk again.

June laid her work in her lap. "What is the matter?" she thought. "Lilies like this do grow down home. And it isn't like Dr. Barrow to make fun of people." Tears rushed to her eyes, but she winked them back.

"Miss Forsythe, did they look like these?" holding a book towards her.

"Just the same, only perhaps a little darker red."

"Well, why I asked is because a Mr. Paul of Washington has offered fifty dollars apiece for every bulb of the Lis Rouges that is brought him.

Many people have brought him bulbs which have proven false. There was great rejoicing a year ago, for the bulb was thought to have been found; but when it was fully opened, it had a black heart. They are searching for them all over the world. In a swamp, you say! I wonder why they have not been found by the horticulturists?"

"It is private land, Dr. Barrow. My great-uncle lives there. He cares not for flowers, but does care if people trespass on his land. He is very stern, even savagely cruel; so people leave his land alone."

"Ah, I see! But you could get to them. Were there many?"

"There were quite a few, but I could not get them."

"You must."

"No, my uncle is very angry with me. He once cursed me, forbidding me to ever set foot on his land again."

At this moment Miss Forsythe was obliged to answer the door bell. A messenger boy stood on the steps.

"A telegram for Miss Forsythe." She signed and stepped back into the office. She could not help shaking, for she had never had a telegram before. She opened it and read:

Your uncle, Charles D. Forsythe, dead. Béqueaths property to you. Come soon as possible.

[Signed] Ludwig James, N. P.

June sank nerveless in the nearest chair and held out the telegram to the doctor. "The Red Lilies," she gasped.

CHAPTER II

"There, Miss Forsythe, you may rest here. No one will ask you any more questions," said Dr. Barrow as he sank into his chair in the Pullman, which was taking him and June south to Tennessee.

"Yes, Doctor, thanks to your help we got off quickly and quietly."

"Home! home! How sweet the magnolias smell! It is eight years since I've been here, Doctor. They seem like centuries. Listen to the nightingales! Wasn't it nice that we could get the old servants back? It seems so homelike and you won't have to stay at the hotel."

So June and Dr. Barrow staid on at the old homestead. One morning after breakfast June said, "Well, Dr. Barrow, since you go home this week, I promise that you shall see the lilies today. Put on your heavy shoes, for the patch is exceedingly rough."

This was not the first walk they had taken since coming south, they had become more acquainted and were excellent companions. Each hid all emotion from the other—the doctor because he felt he did not hold a position high enough to marry, June because she felt her love unrequited.

At last they came to the swamp. In the dampest, most ugly spot bloomed the lovely giant lilies. All around them were bogs of grayish peat-like moss. It made a striking contrast with the wide red cups of the lilies. "Oh, you darlings!" were June's first words. Down she went on her knees in the wet, caressing each separate flower. Dr. Barrow stood drink-

ing in the beauty of the scene as June bent over the lilies, her cheeks burning with the same vivid red.

"June," his emotion overcame him. "June, listen."

She looked up, startled both by the sound of her Christian name and the tenseness of his voice.

"I must tell you that I love you. I am but a poor physician. But I intend to start in with surgery this fall, and I feel confident that in time I can build up a respectable practice. All I ask now is—will you be willing to wait until I can ask you to marry me?"

"John, I don't want to wait. I want to help you win your way upward and onward."

"I think we had better wait, so I'll not ask you to marry me—yet."

Two years later there was a pretty wedding in Tennessee. The bride, Mrs. Barrow, carried a beautiful bouquet of Lis Rouges. Before starting on their wedding tour they sent half a dozen bulbs to Mr. Paul in Washington, asking him to accept them as present; as his offer was the means of their engagement.

BERNICE L. PROUTY.

A Chinaman's Journey

ONE day, in China, a boy of about twelve years of age prepared to build a kite. He went into a bamboo forest and cut a bunch of sticks. He had enough to build ten or a dozen good-sized kites. He then went to a dry goods shop and bought several yards of fine Japanese silk. After this he made a kite about ten feet tall, and eight feet wide. Then, to fly the kite, he must have some string. He bought a few cents worth, and fastened it to the kite. There was a strong wind blowing, so he decided to try it out.

He walked about a mile out of the town to a high hill. There he sat down to rest while he unwound enough string to run with the kite. After the kite was up, he sat down and let the kite pull the string out as far as possible. The weather was very warm, and it made the little Chinaman sleepy. In spite of himself, he fell asleep. Then, as he slept, he dreamed of a beautiful foreign country across the great Pacific. This country was called "America." In this country was a state called "Massachusetts," and in the state was a town called "Leominster."

He dreamed of all this while he slept. His father had once worked there and had told him all about it. Then, in his dream, he wrote a letter to his father, and told him that he was about to make some money, and come home with American goods and money.

In his dream he saw a crowd of boys standing on an important corner

talking in an excited manner. On their hats were what he thought peculiar colored ribbons, and he wondered what they were for. He called one of the boys to him and asked in the best English he knew (his father had taught him a little) what the bands were for. In a proud tone, the boy said, "Those are blue and white ribbons which represent the Leominster High School."

To this the Chinaman replied, "Me likee to go to the schoolee."

This made his new companion laugh, which attracted the attention of the rest of the boys. They walked up to the Chinese boy and asked him so many questions that he got mixed in answering.

At this point of his dream, he was awaked by being hit by something. He found himself not in China, but in the very place he had been dreaming about. He was fastened to the string of his kite, and on one of his fingers he saw a piece of paper with some Chinese writing on it. This is what it said: "We tied you to your kite string, and fastened six other kites to yours, and let you go. (Signed) Enemies."

Then it was that he remembered that there were a bunch of boys who were deadly enemies to him. He had escaped death from the Pacific by being held up by his seven kites.

MILTON PRUE, '14.

Athletics in Public Schools

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE SPECTATOR BEFORE PUPILS
AND TEACHERS OF L. H. S. DATE ANONYMOUS.

AS I just now mounted the platform, I seemed to catch a glimpse of a rumor running quickly about the audience. One after another you smiled and nodded in greeting, and this is what the rumor said: "Sh, beware, he is silence and observation personified." Now, I did not come here with the intent of inspiring such terror, but I might suggest to the boys in the left balcony that they be on their good behavior lest I be provoked to write a treatise on manners in the presence of speech-makers. But I am not a speech-maker; rather let me inform you, teachers and pupils of the Leominster High School, that you are the first, possibly the last, to be honored by an oration from the silent gentleman. The subject, though not of my own choice, is one in which I am highly interested, "Athletics in Public Schools."

You are, I feel, all deeply interested in this subject, as some spirit has been aroused, I am told, by your efficient gymnastic teacher and coach. He has probably already told you that athletics in every form are beneficial to health. I repeat it. It is for that very thing they have been created. Hence in no form are they without bearing on the subject, and even box-

ing has its merits. The boy or girl who has but little physical labor needs something to work each muscle and ligament, or, by chance, they may become unusable from unuse. Outdoor sports are the ones I most approve of, for the interest stimulated in them brings crowds of people out into the open air.

Yes, spirit is good. It works the mind and creates unity in a school. But there is another side to the question. Exercise of the brain is quite as necessary as that of the body. Spirit is only too eager to drag us away from books and study. Then, totally absorbed in the development of the body, we forget that the mind is not growing proportionately. At first glance this may appear a difficult objection to our athletics and our school spirit. But on further investigation we find an easy answer: let there be athletics and spirit in sufficiency, but not in excess; let development of the mind be co-ordinated with, not subordinated to, development of the body; athletics are great, grand and noble, only, let there be some limitation.

A Goblin Heroine

IT had been a beautiful afternoon in October. The western sky was coloring red and gold to match the color of the leaves. The sun was lingering in the sky as if it hated to sink behind the beautiful horizon. Two sisters sat by the window studying, or rather trying to, for their minds would keep wandering out into the beautiful afternoon. Suddenly, Ella, the oldest sister, said, "Marguerite, tomorrow, is Hallowe'en, and we haven't even planned who is to come to our party."

"That is so!" echoed the other sister, coming suddenly out of a reverie.

"Well, let us plan who is to come, first. I will write a list of names; you do the same," said Ella.

Soon the names were ready and they exchanged papers. Marguerite read on until she came to one name. She exclaimed, "Why, Ella, do you mean to invite Grace Alden, a crippled child of twelve years, to our party?"

"Why not?" was the reply; "she will be so happy. Please let her come."

"She could not wear sheets or carry a Jack o' lantern. If we were chased she could not run, either."

Ella sat thoughtful for a moment and then said, "She need not wear a sheet, and I will be careful of her. We will go to our club and see what they say about it."

So off they went to their club, where a meeting was called. Ella, being president, addressed the girls. She told them her plan and asked their advice about Grace. The vote was that Grace should come. Ella started out early the next morning to invite her. She gathered some colored leaves

for her on the way. Ella timidly knocked at the door of the little cottage. A tall woman came, with outstretched hands, to meet her. Ella gave the leaves to Grace. Then she asked Mrs. Alden if Grace might come. The mother thought Grace was not strong enough. But both girls pleaded, and Ella promised she would take care of her, so Mrs. Alden consented.

Poor little Grace was in an ecstasy of joy, because Ella Martin, the president of the "Girls' Club," had invited her to a Hallowe'en party. She could hardly wait for night to come, but it did come at last, for "the longest day has a night."

The Goblins assembled in a barn which they had hired. They were having refreshments in the hay-loft, when the cry of fire arose. Some one had forgotten to put out their candle, and it had set the dry hay on fire. There was one moment of silence. Then all the Goblins rushed for the ladder. The girls helped Grace out. They were all out safely, when some one said, "Where is Ella Martin?"

By this time a good-sized crowd was at the scene. Mrs. Martin had Marguerite, but Ella was missing. Little Grace was standing white and trembling when, as if moved by magic, she made one spring for the ladder. She pulled herself up by her hands to the door. She caught hold of Ella's hand, and dragged her over to the ladder. Ella's father sprang up the ladder, and brought the girls down to two frightened mothers. Ella was over the shock soon, but poor little Grace was in bed for a long while. She was happy, though, for every one loved her now, instead of shunning her because she couldn't walk like the rest of the girls. Marguerite and Ella came every day with their arms laden with roses.

Ever after that Marguerite never thought of having an entertainment or party without having the "Goblin Heroine" present.

ETHEL M. RYAN, '15.

Charlie (at a children's party): Now I am going to do a clever conjuring trick, and I want three plums and three hats.

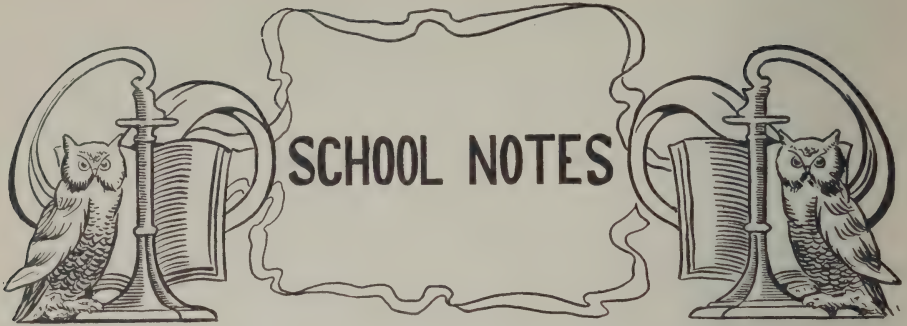
The plums and the hats being provided, he proceeded to eat up the three plums.

"Now," he said, "under which hat would you like to see these plums?" The particular hat being indicated, he placed it on his head.

"Only fools are certain, Tommy; wise men hesitate."

"Are you sure, uncle?"

"Yes, my boy; certain of it."



CLASS OFFICERS

Senior—President, Albert Tenney; vice-president, Helen Woodbury; secretary, Edwina Lawrence; treasurer, Nellie Pierson; class marshal, Robert Griffin.

Junior—President, Herman Safford; vice-president, Ruth Tisdale; secretary, Esther Mayo; treasurer, Mildred Safford; class marshal, Harry Howe.

Sophomore—President, Roy Maston; vice-president, Olga Lawrence; secretary, Marian Merrill; treasurer, Ruth Short; class marshal, Harry Vaughn.

Freshman — President, Aurora Kingman; vice-president, Harold Lloyd; secretary, Irene Atkins; treasurer, Harold Barrett; class marshal, Stanley Bates.

Mr. Dexter, our former sub-master, is now principal of the Milford High School, in New Hampshire. Several other of last year's teachers did not return, and we have just lost our efficient drawing teacher, Miss Eames. The new teachers welcomed into L. H. S. this year are Chas. H. Walker, Frank P. Hill, Elizabeth I. O'Neill, Agnes D. Grant, Mrs. Augusta R. Nettle, and Marion McVey.

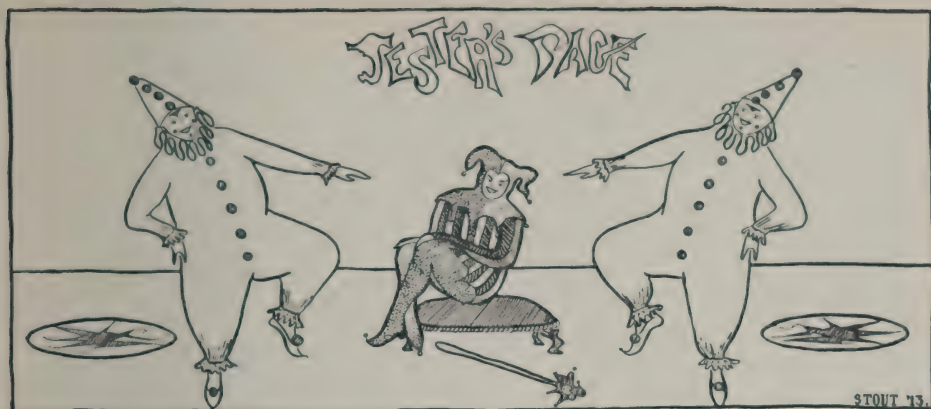
The Seniors in all their long years of experience have, at least, learned one lesson, which is, "Be kind to dumb creatures." It looks as if Room 16 would be keeping a menagerie. If in any case the menagerie should escape, we advise the lower classmen to follow the Seniors' example. So don't be frightened if you see a tiny, fuzzy quadruped come down the ventilator, but let him play with your shoe-string and keep your mind on your work.

We offer a cordial welcome to all the new pupils who have entered old L. H. S., and we hope they will come to love her as much as we do.

SENIOR GIRLS

Chapter one
On the campus
Blazing sun
Football ready
Chapter two
Munsey signals
Kivlan's cue
Kivlan kicks
Chapter three
One of greatest
Mystery
Football falls.
Chapter four
Goal-her chin
We'll say no more.

N. B. Tuesday, October 11, Griffin
'11 did not have to stay after school.



The teacher asked her scholars for some very long sentences. One boy wrote, "Imprisonment for life."



Customer: Is this an up-to-date doll?



Clerk: Yes, madam; it says, "Vote for women."



Tramp: I'm looking for a job at me trade, mum.

Housekeeper: Well, what is your trade?

Tramp: Dentistry, mum. Me specialty is insertin' teeth in mince pies.



Miss M.: Why, can't you make a date in French?

Miss W.: I can't make one in English yet.



She: Do you believe that the pen is mightier than the sword?

He: Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword.



There was a young man of R. I.,
Who dearly loved "None-such" mince pie;
In this he indulged, till his sides fairly
bulged.

No more is the young man of R. I.

Three gentlemen, rather short of funds, wished to gain admittance to the track to see the horse-race.

The first one went up to the gate-tender and said: "I'm Starlight's owner," then passed in.

The second stepped up and said: "Starlight's driver," he also went in.

The third one looked at the gate-tender, and in a low voice said: "I'm Starlight," and then joined his companions.



HEADS OF HOUSES.

Germany—husband.

France—wife.

England—eldest son.

America—daughter.



Scamp'ring through the halls you see them,
Like untrained colts in the meadows green;
Never look where they are going,
Only of themselves they dream.
But every one must be a Freshman
To reach that goal four years away;
So don't find fault with these beginners,
Let them be happy in their play.



Miss Grant: What do we have in the mouth of the Kennebec River?

Pupil: Bath.



The letters 'L', 'H', and 'S' are rendered in a large, bold, stylized font. Inside the 'L' is a baseball player in mid-swing. Inside the 'H' is a football player in a running stance. Inside the 'S' is a basketball player jumping to shoot a ball. Below these letters, the word 'ATHLETICS' is written in a bold, blocky, sans-serif font.

ATHLETICS

THE first call for candidates for the football teams was issued on September seventh by Coach Harry T. Watson. About twenty fellows, most of whom are veterans of one or more years, reported. Present indications are that we will have a very strong and successful team, as it has already won five victories and has not yet been defeated. The victory which was the the most gratifying to the school was the one over Fitchburg High, our old time rival. More boys should come out, so that we may have a strong second team to give the first team boys scrimmage practice. The first team boys have been handicapped in that they have not had a full team to play against them in practice so far this year. Louis Little, the star captain and fullback of last year's eleven, was re-elected captain and in him the team has an efficient leader. William Brazil was elected manager and Judson Richardson was elected as his assistant.

The Athletic Association has adopted a new way to obtain money from the pupils of the school. Any pupil who pays five cents a week for the support of the association may become one of its members, and remains as such as long as he keeps his dues paid up to date. Any pupil who pays in advance to the end of the football season may receive a season ticket admitting him to all home games except the one on Thanksgiving Day. The same rule applies to the obtaining of season tickets for basket-ball and baseball game. The Athletic Association hopes that every pupil in the school will pay his dues and thereby become a member of the association and be entitled to the many privileges which belong to a member.

There should be more of the student body at the football games and at practice. There is a woeful lack of school spirit in our school which

is entirely unnecessary. There should be at least three-fourths of the student body present at every game. The team cannot be expected to go in and play its best without support from the side-lines. The first good cheering of the year was heard at the Fitchburg game, when under cheer leaders Albert Tenney and Miss Nellie Pierson, the team received some good encouragement.

L. H. S. 6. N. H. S. 0.

The first game of the season was with Nashua High School, September 24th, which resulted in a hard earned victory for our team.

Near the close of the game, Houde recovered the ball on a muffed punt on Nashua's five yard line. Merriman then went over for a touch-down. Jobes kicked the goal.

Corkum, Little, and Griffin excelled for Leominster, while Shea and Haggerty played well for Nashua.

L. H. S. 2. W. H. S. 0.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 28th, our team lined up against the strong Worcester High School team. The visitors, although they were much heavier, were defeated 2 to 0. Murphy, the quarter-back, was tackled by Corkum and forced behind his own goal for a safety. During the game one Worcester player and two Leominster boys were put out of the game for unnecessary roughness.

Griffin's punting and Houde's blocking of a punt were features of the game, as was also the line-bucking of McCauliffe of Worcester.

L. H. S. 3. Cushing 2d 0.

On October 3d Leominster won its third successive game when it defeated the Cushing Academy 2d team, 3 to 0.

The visitors were forced to punt many times and Leominster had the ball on their twelve yard line when the whistle blew for the end of the second period.

Near the end of the third period, with Leominster in possession of the ball on Cushing's twenty-five yard line, Corkum kicked a pretty drop from

the field which won the game. When the whistle blew for the end of the game, Leominster had the ball on Cushing's three-yard line.

Corkum, Crane and Griffin excelled for Leominster High while Lee's great punting excelled for Cushing.



L. H. S. 6. F. H. S. 0.

Leominster High journeyed to Fitchburg, Saturday, October 8th, for their first league game with the high school of that city. From the start of the game Fitchburg was clearly outplayed. They could not gain through Leominster's line, and all their gains of consequence were made as forward passes. Amriott was the only Fitchburg back who could make any impression on Leominster's line.

In the second quarter Leominster worked the ball down to Fitchburg's twenty-five yard line, where they lost it on downs. Amriott tried to punt out of danger, but Smith broke through, blocked the punt, and rolled over the line with it. Corkum kicked the goal.

During the rest of the game the ball sawed up and down the field with Fitchburg continually on the defensive.

The victory over Fitchburg was the first one scored in seven years by a Leominster high school team.



On Columbus Day, October 12th, the team had a game scheduled with Leicester Academy, but for some reason that team did not put in appearance, and a large crowd that expected to witness the game was disappointed.



L. H. S. 35. C. H. S. 0.

On Saturday, October 15th, our team played the second league game, a game with Clinton high school. Leominster won by the large score of 35 to 0.

Part of the game was played in a shower of rain which made the ball difficult to handle. Leominster resorted to the old line-bucking game, hardly ever failing to make its distance.

Merriman, Little, Duval, and Suhlke played well, and Corkum played his usual good game, while Stevenson and Call excelled for Clinton.

Before the game and between the halves the freshmen defeated the ninth grade, 14 to 0.

SISTER'S BEAU

When sister's beau comes Sunday nights,
We always turn on all the lights,
And pa and ma, and Sis and me,
We entertain the company.
He sits across the room from Sis
Like this.

Our bedtime's nine o'clock, you know,
(I just pretend, but do not go.)
The lights they seem too strong for him,
And so they turn 'em awful dim,
And he sits on the couch with Sis
Likethis.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

CHAPERONS MADE TO ORDER.

Crain translates "On lui en fit faire un avec le chaperon," by "They had a chaperon made for her."

Young woman (adoringly): It must be awfully nice to be wise and know — oh — everything.

Yale Senior: It is.—*Christian Register.*

You are now beginning to think about the Christmas Gifts you are going to give. You want your own personality, taste, etc., in the present. You want to please those to whom you give, and the matter of expense must be considered.

When you think of Gifts, think, too, of

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*Always
one sheet
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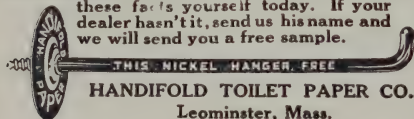
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25¢**

COMPARE! From your present roll of sheets can you withdraw the amount required? Don't you get MORE than you require USUALLY? Some bother to pick it off especially if dark. It's a LOSS of material and time.

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Paying made easy by our Prices

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Everything the best at

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THE MAGNET

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



Scholars of the Leominster High School

SIT up, and take notice. Write a story for THE MAGNET, an interesting story, something that has life, action, snap, to it. Do not sit back in your seats, fold your hands and wait for the next one to do it. We can not have too many. The more there are, the better opportunity for choice. You wish *your* school paper to be as good as anybody else's, and it can not be, without your personal help. Therefore *wake up, wake up, wake up*, and hand in your contribution. Don't wait to be asked further, but do it now.

THE MAGNET is offering **Two Prizes, One Dollar** for the **Best Christmas Story, One Dollar** for the **Best Christmas Verse**, fulfilling the following conditions:—

1. Must be written in ink and on one side of paper only.
2. Must be absolutely original.
3. Story must contain at least five hundred words.
4. All contributions must be handed in to Margaret Earl, managing editor, on or before December fifth.

You have as good a chance as anyone. Why not try?

Announcement of prizes and the best contributions will be printed in December issue of the paper.

It is about time that something be done in regard to debates. There is plenty of interest in this matter. It only needs to be touched off. Senior boys, it is your place to reorganize and start things going. Perhaps girls are not, in your estimation, intelligent enough to debate, but at least they will be pleased to attend your meetings and reap some scanty knowledge from your wise words. If 1911 is backward in coming forward, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, get busy, and see what you can do toward stirring up some arguments. We certainly should not be delayed by lack of material to discuss, for there seems to be a grand superfluity just before time for the bell to ring. So, let us use our talk to some better purpose than that of gaining permission to stay after school. Save it up for the first meeting of the debating club.

November 24, 1910! What a lot of different speculations may be made on the happenings of that day? To someone it means turkey; to someone else it means home; to still another it means a day of thankfulness. But to every pupil of the Leominster High School, November 24 means all these things and something more. Would the turkey taste quite as good, and would the heart feel quite as thankful if it were not for a very great event which is to happen that day? Anyone who has so much thankfulness that it runs over, please let it run over on the football field in some good, strong cheering for Leominster.

M. E., '11.

The Winner

IN the cosy chess room of the Winniwarmet Club, Irving Hunter and Carl Linden were playing a friendly game of chess. Hunter had been devoted to the game since his college days, and it was he who had taught Linden. The two men were now fairly matched, and many lively contests they had over the chessboard.

On this particular evening, however, Linden did not play with his usual skill. Early in the game he made a careless move, so that the game was hopelessly lost. Hunter looked up surprised and said, "What's the matter, Carl. Your mind cannot be on chess tonight."

"I know it isn't," he answered, "but there are better things in the world than chess."

"There are better things in the world than chess?" Hunter repeated, "Such, for instance, as ——."

"Such as love," answered Linden, "I'm in love with the sweetest, dearest girl in the world. I don't know whether she cares for me or not, but I am going to test it Friday night."

"I wish you luck, Carl," said Hunter.

"Thank you; I knew you would," Carl answered, grasping his friend's hand. "If Ethel will only marry me, I shall be the happiest man alive."

Hunter dropped his friend's hand. "Ethel?" he said.

"Yes," replied Linden. "The name slipped out, but I don't mind your knowing it. It's Miss Ethel Reed. But what's the matter with you, Irving?"

Hunter tried to keep all feeling from his voice as he answered quietly, "I, too, love Ethel Reed."

The two men looked at each other in silence, each unconsciously measuring the other's strength. Each envied the other and felt sure he would be the favored one.

After a time Hunter said in a strained voice, "Carl, so far as I know we both have an equal chance. I don't believe Miss Reed has made a decision yet. Why not leave it to chess? We will play three games, the loser to leave a clear field to the other, to make no effort to influence her in any way until the other has had his chance."

Carl was silent a moment and then, "I'll do it," he said, briefly. "Let's begin."

"I don't think you're up to the mark tonight, Carl. If you don't play better than you did, I should be taking an unfair advantage of you."

"I've something to play for now," replied the other, firmly.

The players began and for a long time the game went on in silence with no advantage on either side, until Hunter discovered a weak point in his adversary's defense. Hunter looked up with a gleam in his eye and said, "Checkmate."

Linden rose, "We have two more games," he said, quietly.

The next evening, promptly at eight, the two men were again in the chess room of the Winniwarmet Club. Without wasting any time they began at once.

Linden played better this evening. Hunter was secretly surprised at the marked improvement he was showing. In less than an hour Linden leaned back in his chair and called "Checkmate!"

"The next game will decide," Hunter said. "Shall we play it now, or shall we leave it till tomorrow evening as we had intended?"

"As you please," Carl answered, "but I should prefer to play it now."

Without further words the decisive game was begun. Both played more carefully this time, each considering his move cautiously. The game was very long and by half past eleven the players at the other tables had departed and Hunter and Linden had the room to themselves.

Presently Ned Brainerd came in. He watched the game a few minutes in silence, and then walked around the table, poking the fire noisily, and whistling a few bars of the latest opera. At last Hunter looked up. "I wish you wouldn't, Brainerd," he began, "this is chess, and we are playing for a high stake."

Brainerd came over to the table with a beaming smile. "I beg your pardon, old fellow," he said, "but I'm so happy I can't keep quiet. Let me tell you my news—I must tell somebody. I'm engaged! Just settled it to-night. To Miss Ethel Reed. Congratulate me!"

Linden started up and brushed the remaining pieces from the board.

"You might have finished the game, at least," Hunter protested. "Chess——."

"Hang chess!" Linden replied.

GLADYS CHAPMAN, '11.

A Day in School

FROM eight until five minutes past the hour, the scholars of "Room Sixteen" gather about the door, which is entered by Miss B—— at about 8.05. An interesting subject is being discussed outside, and when they come in, they forget the rules of "Room Sixteen."

Someone is in need of a pencil, without which he can not possibly prepare his lesson for the coming period. Before the borrower has found his pencil, however, Miss B—— pronounces the horrible, criminal charge of five minutes after school. In order that this charge may be rectified, an explanation is attempted. This means stay after school ten minutes each day for a week.

Then the day drags along until recess, and Mr. G——, who is usually a customer in "Room Sixteen" at recess, has just gone down to the lunch counter after a soup, only to be fooled because they are gone. By the

time, he finds something to eat and returns, he is a few seconds late, whereupon he is again sentenced to fifteen minutes after school.

Not minding that very much, he succeeds in passing through the day until the end of school. At 1.15 the bell rings for dismissal. Everybody except Mr. G—— and a few others are dismissed. At last, fifteen minutes is up, and they go home, only to find a cold biscuit and a question asking the cause of their lateness.

ROBERT GRIFFIN, '11.

The Rival Washerwomen

MRS. O'Flannigan had just finished hanging out her weekly washing. Mrs. Reagan was taking hers down, and she regarded her neighbor with scorn. The week before a new family had moved into the town. They were quite wealthy and lived in a large white house on the hill. Mrs. O'Flannigan and Mrs. Reagan, the two washerwomen of the place, each wanted the new customer. Mrs. O'Flannigan was successful and obtained the wash. Mrs. Reagan never spoke to Mrs. O'Flannigan now, and each passed the other with head well up in the air.

"An' would ye believe it, Pat," said Mrs. Reagan to her husband that night, "Mrs. O'Flannigan be so high and mighty like, that there be no speaking to her. Sure an' I saw her this morning and she never so much as said a word. It's a fine ledy she be."

At the same time Mrs. O'Flannigan was telling the long-suffering Mike about that terrible Mrs. Reagan. However, Mrs. O'Flannigan soon had other troubles, for it was raining. Her clothes were too wet to be brought in and were left out over night.

The wind rose and blew the clothes violently. The line broke and many of the pieces were torn from the line. Down the street they flew with the wind after them. Some stuck in trees and others lay around in the gutter. A large sheet flaunted triumphantly from the roof of a neighboring house, while another was twined artistically around the telephone wires.

Bright and early the next morning Mrs. O'Flannigan was up. Imagine her dismay when she saw the havoc the wind had wrought! Little Mike raced up and down the street for the wandering wash only to find that those he did succeed in recovering were hopelessly ruined.

Mrs. O'Flannigan toiled up the hill and poured out her tale of woe to her employer. In spite of the rapid and lengthy apologies which Mrs. O'Flannigan had brought up the hill with her, the unsympathetic lady discharged her. Mrs. Reagan has the wash now and she passes Mrs. O'Flannigan with a smile of triumph on her face. Mrs. O'Flannigan carries her head high and Mrs. Reagan might just as well be the dust under her feet for all the notice she takes of her.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

But no! the old nag would not go;
All coaxing was in vain,
Then Brown began to curse and swear,
And jerk upon the rein.
His wife, she heard him from the house,
And wondered what could be,
So down she came in breathless haste,
With lantern lit to see.

"Why, Brown," she cried, "what does this mean!
You're horrid drunk to-night,"
Then going closer up to him,
She held aloft the light.
But she fell back in sudden fright
The sight was strange, I vow;
For he had not hitched up his horse,
But harnessed up the cow.

SULLIVAN, '11.

Recollections of a Senior

DO you remember the first day you came to Simmons? My, wasn't it hot? You asked the conductor in a very quavering voice to "stop at Simmons College, please," and he did, and you got off with some other girls and looked around but you didn't see it anywhere. Nevertheless, you followed them, and when you came to a big gray building with dogs looking out of little cubby holes 'round the top, you wondered if that was going to be the place. However, as nobody else paid any attention, but walked right by, you stopped paying attention and tried to act as if you really knew it wasn't, all the time. In a minute or two you came to what you knew must be Simmons, and you boldly followed the others up the steps and in the door. Suddenly a person with a badge dashed forward from a group and laid hands upon you. "Wanna register—Household Ec, Lib'r'y, Secretarial, Science? C' mon." "Er—Secretarial," you faltered and blindly you followed her impetuous lead, trusting implicitly in her seeming unbounded knowledge of "everything." She led the way into a very hot room which was full of people writing or walking about. Seizing three sheets of printed paper, she thrust them into your hands. "There," she sighed, in the tone of "one more over," "write down what it says there 'n' have the division all right, and fix your hour plan to match it, and take it and have them certify it," and she vanished, you groaned inwardly and cast a longing, beseeeking glance toward the door through which her official person had disappeared, but evidently she had gone irrevocably. You learned afterwards that you had been "welcomed" and that was all any

ordinary Freshman had any right to expect. You heaved a heartfelt sigh and sat down to write, although you had not the slightest idea what. Feverishly catching up a pen you sought to unravel the intricacies of those pages and do as you were told, but you simply became more and more confused and began idly to trace the edges of the sunbeams that fell warmly across the desk. Whew! but it was hot. The room grew more crowded and it seemed stifling. What *was* German I a, and if you took history I-6, they came together, and, Oh dear, why didn't someone come and explain? And then you gathered yourself together and went and asked someone at a desk, who did explain, and you sat confidently down and did it all wrong. And then it was twelve o'clock and they told you that registration was over for that day and that you were to come to-morrow. And when you got home, how tired, hungry, they asked you if you liked it and you said "Ye-e-es" and wondered inwardly if it was all going to be as hard as that.

We will draw a veil over the ensuing few days with the hundreds of disasters attendant upon "getting a locker," procuring a *fountain* pen which upheld its name by action at *all* times. When you reached home, you told "them" you had climbed millions of flights of stairs and you hoped you would sprain your ankle so you could ride in the elevator.

Will you ever forget that first recitation, when the instructor called your name and you blushing *rose* to recite? The girls on each side of you jerked you down abruptly and whispered disdainfully that "you don't stand up to recite in *college*;" and then you got redder and redder in a perfect agony of embarrassment, while everybody laughed. But then, the next day, in another class, someone else did the same thing, so you didn't care and laughed very hard with the others.

From then on, things went along quite smoothly, you complained a great deal, it is true, but that was just on general principles to give an impression of martyrdom.

* * * * *

After all, the years have passed quickly. You have thought, no doubt, that you were horribly abused, but time has interspersed a kindly veil through which only the sunshine gleams.

MICROCOSM.



Lost at Sea

A TRUE STORY

MY father, several other men, and I were going fishing in Massachusetts Bay. A small motor-boat was hired, and it was at about eight o'clock on a rainy morning when we started out. When out about three miles we started to fish. The fish were coming over the edge of the boat in large numbers, but a storm was threatening; so we started for land again at about ten.

But we were not destined to arrive on the longed-for shore so soon. In the first place the engine had broken down, secondly the wind was so strong and the waves so high that we drifted out and dragged the anchor with us, lastly we had to keep bailing the water out, so not enough men could row to make any progress against the waves. We could do nothing more to save ourselves from a watery grave except to keep up a signal of distress in hopes that the life savers would see us. After waiting a very long time somebody saw the lifeboat, but it immediately disappeared again behind the spray in the trough of the waves.

But after waiting what seemed hours they came up to us, the anchor rope was thrown them, and we started on our homeward journey. The life savers did not go back as quickly as they came out, to be sure, but still they were making headway and that was something.

Another launch came out to aid in towing us back, but after helping us a little over a mile, their rudder broke and it was the best that they could do to get back unassisted. It took between two and three hours of hard pulling for the lifeboat to get us back, and several times they thought of dropping the launch and taking us in their boat. But at last at about four in the afternoon we arrived on terra firma, very tired and very hungry.

BROWNLEE GAULD, '15.

Autumn Leaves

"Come, little players," said Watson, one day;
 "Come to the gridiron with me, and play,
 Put on your suits of blue and white,
 Thanksgiving is coming and we've Fitchburg to fight."
 As soon as the players heard their coach's call,
 Down they fell tackling, one and all.
 Down the field they rushed and flew,
 Practising all the tricks they knew.
 Shouting and calling the players went;
 Watson had taught them and they were content.
 Later, asleep in their downy beds,
 Visions of victories danced through their heads.

MYRTLE FARRAR, '14.



THE football season is now nearly over and it has proved a very successful one for the team in the matter of victories won. The team has not, however, been well supported for a team that has met the success that our eleven has. The fine showing of the boys should encourage more people to attend the remaining games. The success of the team has been brought about only by the faithful practising of the boys under the direction of Coach Watson, Mr. Watson has accomplished wonders with the team this year and much credit is due him for the fine showing of the eleven. We hope to win the championship of the Wachusett Interscholastic League this year, and we have a fine chance of doing so, having scored three victories in as many games.

The ninth grade and Freshman boys and all those who weigh less than one hundred and fifteen pounds have a chance to play as well as the large boys. Mr. Walker coaches them and he has found some promising material for future high school teams.

The game with Fitchburg high, on Thanksgiving day in this team, promises to be an exciting one. Fitchburg has shown improved form since our team defeated them and they will try their hardest to win. The Leominster boys are more confident of winning the next game than they were of taking the first, as they have outplayed Fitchburg on its own grounds. The local boys have met and defeated every team in the league, the last victory being the one over Gardner. The team has two out-of-town games to play to complete the league schedule, which are the Clinton and Gardner games. Both teams have been decisively defeated on the local grounds and therefore both games should be victories.



L. H. S. 24. M. H. S. 10.

On Wednesday, October 19th, our team met and defeated the strong Milford High School team by the score of 24 to 10. The Milford boys were the first to cross Leominster's goal line this year and they accomplished the feat twice during the game.

Milford scored first by the recovery of a cleverly executed onside kick by Dolton, who ran for a touchdown. The local team was taken by surprise, but on the next kickoff, by a series of linekicking plays, Captain Little went through Milford's center for our first touchdown. Jobes kicked the goal.

In the second period, Corkum ran sixty yards for a touchdown after securing the ball on a punt. Jobes kicked the goal. Leominster again scored in this quarter, Merriman going over the line on a play through Milford's left wing. Jobes kicked his third goal. Leominster and Milford each succeeded in getting a touchdown before the end of the game, Griffin getting one for Leominster and McCue scoring for Milford. Corkum kicked the goal for our team and Collery missed his try for the goal.

Little, Merriman and Suhlke played an excellent game, while Gracen played well for Milford.



L. H. S. 6. N. H. S. 0.

On Saturday, October 22, our team went to Nashua for a return game with the high school team of that city. The game resulted in the same way as the one on the local grounds, Leominster winning 6 to 0.

Leominster High outplayed Nashua at every stage of the game, but they did not have an easy time winning. A drizzling rain fell during the game which made the ball difficult to handle.

In the second quarter Merriman made a touchdown after some good gains by Griffin and Little. Jobes kicked the goal. During the rest of the game neither side scored, but Nashua was kept on the defensive most of the time. Griffin and Graves had a punting duel in the last two periods, the former having the better of it.

Duval, Griffin, and Merriman were the stars of the game, while Smith repeatedly broke up plays by tackling the Nashua back before he got fairly started. Graves and Stevens played well for Nashua.



L. H. S. 36. G. H. S. 0.

Leominster High defeated Gardner by the large score of 36 to 0, on Saturday, October 29. The result of the game came as a big surprise to almost everyone. The local players expected Gardner to put up a stiff fight because they had previously held Fitchburg to twelve points. From the start it could be seen that Gardner was hopelessly beaten, and before the first period had ended, our team had scored two touchdowns. Jobes kicked the first goal, but he missed the try for the other.

Leominster used straight football, making gains through Gardner's line at will, Gardner, on the other hand, was frequently forced to punt. Larkin proved to be about the only man who could tackle the Leominster

backs. He also was fast in getting down under punts, and was always ready to tackle the catcher as soon as he caught the ball.

The local boys showed by far their best form of the season. The team played well together and Suhlke broke up many of Gardner's plays. He and Letters also made good gains when carrying the ball. Burrage, who played his first full game, at right end, made some fine tackles and also played a good offensive game.



L. H. S. 6. W. H. S. 0.

On Wednesday, November 2, our team again played the strong Worcester High school team. The game resulted in another victory for our team by the score of 6 to 0. The Worcester team were evidently not satisfied with the result of the first game, and they went in to win the second one. They brought up a small number of rooters to see them win.

In the first half, it looked like a sure touchdown for Worcester. They worked the ball down to within a yard of Leominster's goal and then lost it on a fumble. Griffin immediately punted out of danger. This was Worcester's only chance to score. In the second quarter, Duval intercepted a forward pass and ran for a touchdown. Jobs kicked the goal. Worcester presented a strong lineup and the Leominster boys had to play well to win.

Duval played a fine game for Leominster, as did Corkum and Meriman. McAuliffe excelled for Worcester.



L. H. S. 14. M. H. S. 0.

Leominster journeyed to Marlboro for two games, one between the first teams, and the other between the second teams of the high schools.

Leominster made it ten straight by winning the game between the first teams by the score of 14 to 0, while our second team defeated Marlboro's second team by the score of 6 to 0.

Only about three periods of the first team game was played as it was too dark to play more. Nevertheless, it was an easy victory and it might have been won by a larger score, Leominster outplaying Marlboro in every stage of the game. Griffin gave a fine exhibition of punting, none of his kicks going for less than forty yards. Crain and Suhlke also played well. Bigelow played best for Marlboro.

The feature of the game between the second teams was a thirty-yard run for a touchdown by Spiller. Cleary and Sullivan broke up many plays.

Alumni Notes

Francis S. Geary, L. H. S., '04, half-back of the Fordham football team for the past three years, was graduated last June. During his junior year at college, Mr. Geary won the forty-yard dash at the B. A. A. meet, and last year took second prize in the same event. He is to try for another medal this coming year.

Marion F. Lane, '03, a graduate of F. N. S., has been appointed supervisor of seventh grades in Fitchburg, Mass.

Laura Newell is a sophomore at Middlebury this year.

Olive N. Lasselle, '05, a classmate of Miss Agnes Grant's, Bates' '09, is teaching in Lancaster.

Bernard D. Bosworth, '06, was the delegate from Bowdoin to the Zeta Psi fraternity meeting at San Francisco, Cal., this summer.

Sybil E. Bearce, '05, is registered at the School of Expression in Boston.

Maud Kendall, '07, is teaching at North Andover, Mass.

Leonard F. Burrage, 2d, '06, who was granted permission by the faculty of the University of Vermont to graduate in April instead of the following June, is in the employ of the United States Reclamation Service at Sunnyside, Washington.

Winifred Putnam, '06, is teaching at Palm Beach, Florida, this year.

Karl Herrick, '04, W. P. L., '10, is the assistant mechanical engineer in one of the largest gas plants in the world, situated in Worcester, Mass.

Alice F. Raymond, valedictorian of the class of 1905, graduated, *summa cum laude*, from Middlebury, in June. She is now teaching in Keene, N. H., in the ninth grade.

It is probable that the alumni girls will have two basket ball teams on the floor this year and they are planning, not on an 8-7 victory for the high school girls, but on two 9-8 games in their favor.

Ich bin dein.

In tempus old a hero lived
Qui loved puellas deux;
He ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin,
"Non possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

"Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls,
Et both sunt very agathae
Et quite formosa girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philoun the duo maids,
Resolved proponere to Kate
Devant cet evening shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed, smiling on the new tapis,
Between puellas twain,
Coepit to tell his love to Kate,
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever at anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And offering each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

—Selected.

Exchanges

Welcome, Exchanges! That sounds almost like "Happy New Year," doesn't it? Let it be a happy new year. It is the beginning of the school year, when we return from our vacations ready for hard study and earnest work. Let the Exchange column take on a new vigor and enthusiasm!

The Review (Lowell High School) is the first friend to appear. Your stories are exceptionally good, but where are your poems and cuts? How would it do to put them in, in place of some of the jokes?

The cover design for "Ye Old Courant" (Bradford, Pennsylvania) is fine, and very appropriate for the title. The Editor must put a lot of time and thought into each number to obtain such results.

The Gazette (Lynn Classical High). Congratulations, Editor! Those few pages of Editorials are well worth reading several times. What can it be but school spirit which prompts the writers of the stories? That's a fine quality. Keep it up!

Not only in the Advance (Salem High) but in nearly all the exchanges for this month, the cuts are conspicuous by their absence. We all know how much they add to our interest, when reading an article of any kind.

THE MAGNET also acknowledges "The College Signal" (Massachusetts Agricultural College) and "The Tufts Weekly" (Tufts College).

HELEN C. RICHARDSON, '12.

Proverbs

"Patience is a virtue."—Faculty.

"A new broom sweeps clean."—New Teachers.

"A stitch in time saves nine."—Sewing Classes.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."—Cooking Classes.

"Let bygones be bygones."—Room 16.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched."—Football Team.

"It's never too late to mend."—Debating Club.

"Experience is the best teacher."—Seniors.

"Do unto others as you would be done by."—Juniors.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."—Sophomores.

"To err is human, to forgive, divine."—Freshmen.

"Think before you speak."—Kivlan '11.

"Love makes the world go 'round."—Tisdale '12.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."—Duval '11.

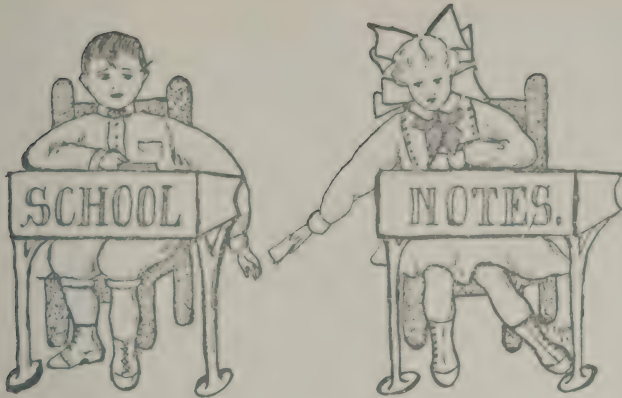
"Laugh and the world laughs with you."—Jobes '12.

"Better late than never."—Griffin '11.

"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."—M. Safford '12.

"Pride goeth before a fall."—Little '11.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."—My Pony.



There was an interesting boxing match in the Freshman Algebra class, the other day, between H. Whitney and S. Platt. Both were rewarded by the privilege of leaving the room.

Mr. Watson conducts both the boys' and the girls' classes in physical training, Miss Birch, the girls' teacher last year, having resigned.

Mr. Kimball gave a very interesting lecture on Thrift Monday morning, October 24, in the Assembly Hall.

The teachers of the High School held their fourth annual Reception Friday evening, October 28. It gave the parents a good chance to meet the teachers and also to see the entire building. An entertainment followed; Mr. Clifton Wood, and Miss Adelle Phillips sang; Miss Spaulding gave some violin selections, and Miss Parker rendered piano solos. Mr. Hull spoke to the audience also. After the entertainment refreshments were served.

"I am afraid Mr. Potter,—ahem!—misconstrues my remarks."—Platt.

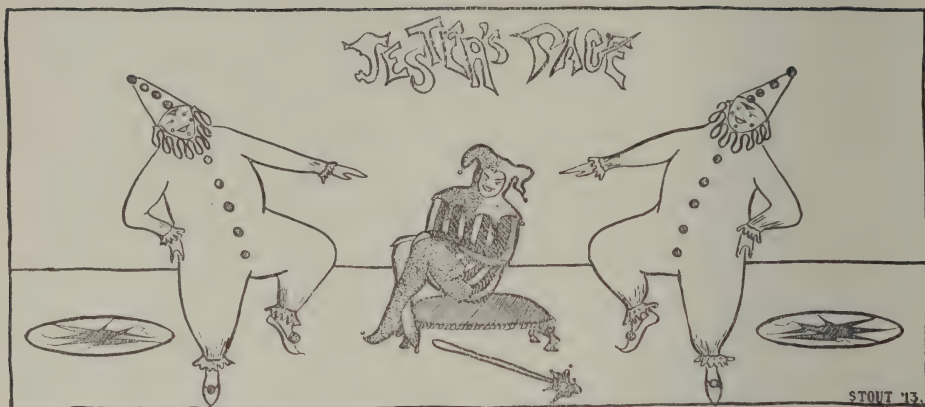
Instead of an examination in physics in the Freshman class there was a special study in polishing processes, resulting in a shining laboratory for the reception.

John Tester, a freshman, moved to Beverly, Mass., October 19, with his family.

Some parents will be surprised when they hear of the good behavior of the children in school this year.

Mr. Wriston (in physiology class), "We will use the skeleton this morning. Mr. Cleary, will you get up on the table?"

We notice that Crain '11, now takes a mechan(ic) with him in his auto.



"Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She said it was none of my business."

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.

If people only said what they thought, there wouldn't be so much talking.

Magistrate—"Have you any visible means of support?"

Prisoner—"Yes, yer wushup." (To his wife, a laundress)—"Hemmar, stand up so's the court can see yer."

"Johnnie," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger-bread out of the pantry."

Johnnie blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnnie!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"Tisn't—not all of it, mother," replied Johnnie. "Part of it's in Elsie."

Employer—"So you think your grandmother will die soon. Is her disease catching?"

Office Boy—"Yep; an' pitching too."

Perhaps these jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf,
If you can do it better,
Send in a few yourself.

A lad was standing with his donkey and barrow selling vegetables in London one day, when a smartly-dressed young man came up and asked, "I say, boy, would you like to drive me to the Mansion House?" The boy thought for a moment and then replied, "Yes, guv'nor; but I don't think the 'arness would fit you."

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

"Yes, and there's always one more than you think."

Professor (looking for fun)—
"Johnny, what time is it by your nose?"

Johnny (bootblack, with many chums around)—"Mine ain't running. Is yours?"

Brown's Mistake

Not many years ago there was a man,

His name I'll now call "Brown,"

Who owned a little scrubby farm,

A few miles out of town.

He used to have an old white horse,

A harness and a gig,

He also had a big white cow,

Some chickens, and a pig.

His wife, who sometimes did the chores,

When he was gone away,

Would feed the pigs, and milk the cow,

And give the horse some hay.

For Brown, when he was 'way from home,

Most always had a spree,

And when he did come home at night,

Was drunk as he could be.

It happened once when he was off,

Upon a jolly lark,

His wife, she had to do the chores,

Alone and in the dark.

She thought perhaps ere morn 'twould rain,

It was such cloudy weather,

And so she put the horse and cow

Into the pen together.

Now Brown when he came home that night,

Was rather drunk of course,

A strange freak, too, came in his head—

He'd harness up the horse.

So down the road he staggered then,

And cursed for want of light,

But when he reached the barn he found

His things were there all right.

Then 'after fussing quite a spell,

He got hitched up his rig,

And picking up the whip and reins,

He got into the gig.

"Get up, you lazy, old white nag.

Go on, you beast!" he cried;

"Though dark the night, what do I care?

I'm bound to have a ride."

You are now beginning to think about the Christmas Gifts you are going to give. You want your own personality, taste, etc., in the present. You want to please those to whom you give, and the matter of expense must be considered.

When you think of Gifts, think, too, of

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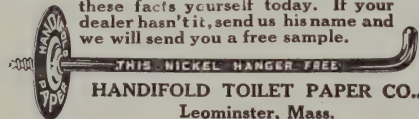
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CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM

THE MAGNET

Vol. IV. LEOMINSTER, MASS., DECEMBER, 1910. No. 3

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Myrtle Farrar, '14.

Olga Lawrence, '13.

Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

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Announcement of Prizes

POEM: "Christmas," written by David Sullivan.

Story: "Christmas at a Boarding School," written by Olga Lawrence.

The story, "Peter's Present," written by Milton Prue, is certainly worthy of honorable mention.

Judges: Geraldine Brooks, John C. Hull, Elizabeth I. O'Neil.

Nineteen-ten is now drawing toward a close, and soon nineteen-eleven will be here with whatever it may hold of joy and sorrow. In spite of anything man may do, the sun *will* shine on some days and the rain *will* fall on others. This is a state of affairs not in the least to be regretted. For the sun seems brighter after every rain, and the trees,

the grass, and the flowers look only the happier after the sky's tears. But we each have the privilege of making the rainiest day sunny and the sunniest day rainy in spirit if not in truth. And perhaps after all it is the spirit that counts. So may the new year be a sunny one for you, and so may the pupils trudging to school through the storm be unaffected by the atmospheric depression. For it should be remembered that a storm is a fine thing when 'one is strong enough to overcome it.

But there is a very important day that is yet to come before the closing of the year. It is the one day when all the world is universally glad and everyone wishes happiness to everyone else. It is the joyful day when Tommy finds a jack-knife in his stocking and gives Mary's doll a new Dutch clip, when Bridget finds a gold piece with her wages, and the great, fat turkey is done especially fine, and the postman wears a piece of holly in his buttonhole. Now surely you must know what this eventful day is. Yet there is something besides presents and holly which distinguishes this time from all others. It is a particular thing that everyone wears. Can you guess what? Well, if you have to be told, it's a smile.

When you go along the street and everyone you meet has a smile (not a cynical smile, but a cordial, welcoming smile), it certainly seems like Christmas day, you will admit. The smile is the symbol of that glad time of year which comes in the midst of snow and blustering winds, when the heart most needs something to warm and cheer. But the man who does not discard his Christmas smile as soon as the holiday is over, the man who wears a smile the whole year 'round, makes it Christmas for someone every day, and every day is Christmas for himself.

We hope that the holiday vacation will have a good effect on the pupils of L. H. S., that they will return with new and wonderful inspirations. We would like some of these inspirations to go in the "Magnet." So if anyone has any, will he please jot them down. Perhaps studying will seem a little easier after we have filled our lungs with fresh air for a week and a half. So, it may not then be necessary in drill period to stick our noses out the window.

Christmas at a Boarding School

PRIZE STORY.

GRIEF and despair reigned supreme at "Madam Mayhew's Select School for Girls." Indeed, there was ample cause for this state of affairs, for only the week before the entire school had been placed under quarantine, no one to leave the building for at least two weeks. Therefore, it was a doleful crowd of girls which faced the proposition of a Christmas at a boarding school.

About ninety of the one hundred girls in the school had resigned themselves to the inevitable and had spent the day in writing letters. There was, however, an air of mystery among the remaining ten. A certain stir of expectancy seemed to prevail among them, and now and then they gathered together and talked in low voices.

"At ten tonight, in Jane's rooms," was whispered in the ear of Bess Hammond, as she was hastening to the library. She laughed softly to herself, "As if I would be apt to forget!"

At quarter to ten the matron went her rounds to see if all were in bed and everything was as it should be. Passing from room to room, she found everything quiet and all the girls in bed. As she walked down the corridor, a door opened softly and a curly head peeped through and watched her descend the stairs.

"All right, girls," whispered the owner of the curly head, as she heard the door of the matron's room close softly. Instantly, several heads appeared at the door, and at the same time the door across the hall swung open noiselessly, and five girls tip-toed out into the corridor. They all stood listening with finger on lip and then sped giggling down the hall. Each had on a kimono which flew out as they ran, and if superstitious Bridget had seen them what a time there would have been! They rapped softly on Jane's door and entered as silent and sober as ghosts. When they were once in the room, however, they burst into gales of merry laughter until a warning from one of the girls quieted them.

Jane immediately brought forth a repast, the sight of which called forth a series of "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration from the assembled girls.

"Oh! Jane, how did you ever in all your life get such a collection?" exclaimed Bess, breathlessly.

Jane laughed. "Well, you see," she said, "I telegraphed the sad news of our confinement to my mother, and she sent me this box to console me. Poor dear! She never imagined it was against the rules. Luckily the box isn't very large, and the matron sent it up never dreaming what it contained. As soon as I found out, I sent for you girls to help me eat it up before the things spoil."

The girls all shook with repressed laughter, and the lively Bess proposed three silent cheers for Jane's parents, and you can easily imagine that they were given with a will.

"Well, girls, I guess all is ready," said Jane, "dive in, and help yourselves."

Each one scrambled forward to gain her favorite delicacies and many were the warning cries of "Silence!" The fun ran high, some enjoying themselves by toasting marshmallows stuck on hatpins and held over the open fire. One girl careered around, valiantly flourishing a jar of jam, the traces of which could be plainly seen upon her face. Bess was venting her strength and her temper at the same time upon the cork which stood between her and a lot of tempting olives. Jane herself sat silently on the foot of the bed, sucking an immense pickle!

A slight noise was heard in the hall, and the girls stared at each other in consternation. A moment only were they spell-bound. Then simultaneously, they all sought safety. Jane swept the food under the bed while Bess turned the lights off. The rest sought safety in the cupboards, behind the screen and any place they could find. Bess crawled into the bed and pretended to be asleep, but before Jane could follow her example the door opened, and the gray head of the matron looked in.

"Why are you not in bed?" she asked sternly, raising the lamp she held.

"I have a bad toothache, and I cannot sleep," answered Jane, holding on to her cheek which stuck out with an olive she had been about to eat when interrupted.

"Your face is swollen," said the matron, "put a hot cloth on it and try to sleep." She looked around the room suspiciously and then went.

No sooner was she gone than the girls came laughing from their hiding places. They congratulated each other on their narrow escape, finished the spread, and retired to their own rooms.

The next morning our ten friends were called to the matron's room. They were closeted there some time and when they came out, they fully realized that the matron was not so easy as they thought, and also that there were many better ways to spend Christmas than the one they had chosen.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

Night

A STUDY IN RHYTHMIC PROSE.

A BROODING stillness lies profound over the hills and vales. The moon's white fire is burning the tops of trees, the lake, the stones lapped by the silent waves. It is autumn, and here and there a cricket chirps to break the oppressive silence. Hark! from somewhere out of sight comes the soft murmur of a paddle. Out glides a still canoe, which soon stops motionless, making mysterious shadows, while an Indian girl surveys, with quiet wonder deepening in her breast, the beauty of the scene, and soft, clinging passion of the night.

BERNICE L. PROUTY.

Christmas

PRIZE POEM.

I sit in my quiet room and think,
Of the cause for the Christmas joy;
For some it's the thoughts of inviting feasts,
For others, a wished-for toy.

But I must have some other cause,
If happy I would be,
Than the children's thoughts of a Santa Claus,
And a beautiful Christmas tree.

So I sit in the quiet of my room,
By the cheerful fireside,
And allow myself to be lulled to sleep
By the thoughts of one Christmas tide.

And a wond'rous vision encloses me,
In the paleness of the dawn;
I see the stable in Bethlehem,
On that ancient Christmas morn.

All's still within, and plainly heard
Are the traders' and venders' cries;
And lo! in a manger, by shepherds watched,
The Hope of Redemption lies.

I awake with a start,—no more are thoughts
Of the feasts, nor of the toy,
For I find in the birth of the Perfect-Man,
A cause for this Christmas joy.

SULLIVAN, '11.

Peter's Present

PETER had been reading a story in a magazine about helping others and making them happy. He wondered if he could help somebody and make *them* happy. He sat down to think, and then he went to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "do you know that little nine-year-old boy that lives on East street, that is so poor that he has to work to help supply the family with food and clothing?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, wondering at his question. "What about him?"

"I was just wondering if there wasn't some way to make him happy when Christmas comes. I have been reading about helping others and making them happy and I want to make somebody happy this year," said Peter.

"You mean you want to make this little boy happy when he gets up Christmas morning?" asked his mother.

"Yes," replied Peter, "and I want you to help me think of a good way to do this."

His mother motioned toward the door, and said, "Well, you go away and let me think it over, and then I will call you and tell you of my plan."

He went into his bedroom and sat down to think of a plan, also. In about fifteen minutes his mother called him. He drew a chair up to hers and sat down in it and waited for her to begin.

This was her plan, as she told it to her son:

"If I were you, I would give him a nice dinner. I will give you enough money to buy a nice chicken at the market, and I will prepare it. You may get some candy and some nuts, too, if you like, and I will add a couple of pies and some potatoes. Then you can carry them over, in a basket, about dinner time, Christmas morning. I think that would give as much pleasure as anything, and it would please the whole family."

"Or you can solicit for money and raise enough to make a good sized purse, and present it to him, or leave it at the house the night before Christmas, so that he will know nothing about it until Christmas morning."

Peter thought a minute and then said, "May I do both, mother?"

His mother thought a little about this, too, and then said, "If you can do both and not get tired of it, I am willing. But I don't want you to start out and then stop after you have been to two or three places where the people refuse to give any money. You will have to start as quick as you can because there is only about a week left before Christmas."

Peter was satisfied and told his mother that he would try his best to have everybody that was able to contribute twenty-five or fifty cents, or even more than that, do so.

He started out the next morning, it being Saturday, and raised ten dollars before night. He was pleased with his day's work and sat down and told his mother where he had been. "Some people that I went to," said he, "said that they couldn't afford it, and so I told them that ten cents would help out quite a bit. 'Well,' some of them said, 'Seeing that you're raising it to help others, I'll give you a little.' Some didn't even say 'No,' but shut the door in my face."

He bought a chicken and some candy and nuts, and then he put all his things in a basket. When Christmas came, his mother put in two pies and some potatoes and also the cooked chicken. He trotted off at eleven o'clock towards the house of the poor family, whistling a tune. He was happy because he knew he was going to make somebody else happy.

In about five minutes he reached the house. He rapped on the door, and when the boy opened it, he walked in. He set the things down on the table and said to the boy's mother, "My friend, here is a present given by the people in the neighborhood. I think you will be pleased with it, and I hope you will find the contents of the basket useful in the near future."

The woman took the contents out of the basket and put them on the table. When she saw the purse of money, she threw her arms around Peter's neck and kissed him. She even cried with joy.

When Peter got home he told his mother how happy the woman had been with the present. He went around to the different houses where he had received money and thanked the people for contributing, and told them that they had made a whole family happy. After he had told them this, they all felt happy, too.

MILTON PRUE, '14.

'Twas the month before Christmas,
And all through the school,
Everything was going according to rule.
The Seniors were studying hard and deep (?),
And some were almost dozing to sleep,
When down the mid-aisle there rose a faint patter,
And some of the girls jumped up with a clatter,
For mousie had found his way within,
And soon the room was in a din.
For harmless creatures though they are,
We like them better from afar.
But soon was gone this bunch of gray;
And none knows where, unto this day.

HELEN RICHARDSON, '12.

Holiday Spirit

A SCENE IN A RAILWAY STATION.

ALL is confusion about the great "B. & M. Railroad Station." All kinds of people are hurrying to and fro; clerks, business men, weary shoppers, students going home for the holidays, every class imaginable is represented in this hurly-burly, hustle-bustle, so characteristic of America's metropolis. Huge, puffing engines dragging behind them long, heavy trains are constantly wheezing in and out.

A porter frantically rushing after a care-free girl who has unconsciously dropped one of her numerous packages, wears a spray of holly in his button-hole and a smile lights up his black countenance, showing an even row of clean, white teeth. Even the boot-black's sign is adorned with a festive wreath of laurel tied with a crimson bow, and the Christmas spirit is abroad.

But in a lonely corner by the magazine stand can always be seen a fragile girl with a ragged dress, and beside her a little yellow dog, her only friend. The roaring of the locomotives, the hum of the tracks, the trample of a thousand feet, all are to her but the ever-present sound of a hum-drum life. Though absent from her post only during the short hours of night, she never sees the happy meetings of friends, the porter's smile, or the holly in his button-hole; she is blind.

As we are watching a conductor kindly help an old lady with her handbox and suit-case, our attention is suddenly attracted by a man rushing at a terrific rate of speed along the platform, his arms full of bundles. It is true that everyone in this interesting throng of happy, pathetic, jolly, or weary people is hurrying in his or her direction. It is true that everyone has his share of parcels, but there is something different in the haste of this over-burdened personage. He has scarce taken two steps when he is brought to an abrupt stop by a sturdy little urchin, directly in his path, who shouts with a pair of strong lungs, "Bost'n Americ'n." Our man dodges him, a bundle drops, he replaces it and hurries on his way. "Track nine, track ten," he counts to himself and transferring all his packages to the left hand, endeavors to find his watch. His carefully constructed tower wavers, topples over; he stumbles and just escapes landing in the midst of the debris. He looks up; "track fourteen," he reads, and leaving the scene of distress he rushes up to the gateman and asks, between gasps, if the train for Sudbury has left. "Just drawn out," is the curt reply. The exasperated man's answer is not worthy of repetition. It is sufficient to say that he has entirely lost his holiday spirit.

M. EARL, '11.

A Good Joke

IT was Friday, the eleventh day of April, and the pupils belonging to the English class of Miss Hunt, one of the English teachers of Frenston High, had been requested to write an original theme for that day.

A young man, by the name of Charles Prescott, had written his theme, and left it in his English book in his desk in his own room.

Another young man, who had not written his theme, went to Charles' desk to borrow a pencil, and noticed the theme in the book. He did not wish to get a zero; so he took Charles' theme, glanced it over, and seeing that it was good, took it off to pass in to the English teacher.

Charles, supposing that his theme was in his English book, passed into Miss Hunt's class the second period.

When he arrived in class, and the themes were being collected, he could not find his, while the other boy, who had taken Mr. Prescott's story, passed it in with James Henderson, for that was his name, written at the top of the paper.

Charles, not finding his, stepped to the teacher's desk, and told her he had written his theme, but could not find it. Miss Hunt then told him that it was too bad, but he would have to write another, and would not get such a high mark as he might have received, had he not lost the first.

That noon, Miss Hunt took the papers home and was looking at them in her usual fashion with the backs of the papers toward her when she saw these words written neatly on the back of one of the papers:

CHARLES PRESCOTT,

English, Division 2, Second period.

"Why!" she said, "I thought Mr. Prescott said he lost his theme."

Then she turned the paper around and saw James Henderson's name on the front.

"That is a good story," she said, "but I do not know which of the two young men wrote it. I will take it to the English class Monday, and find out. If rightly I guess, it is Charles' handwriting. The two names were not written by the same person."

When the English class came into her room, Monday, she called Mr. Prescott down to her desk and asked him if it was his theme and how the two names happened to be put on the paper.

He recognized it as being his, and told the story how he put it in his desk and could not find it when he came to class. He also told her he did not know how James Henderson's name happened to be on the paper.

Then she called Mr. Henderson down to her desk and asked him if he had written a theme. James, forgetting what he had done, and wanting to be truthful, said that he had not written any. Then the teacher showed him his name on Charles' paper, and he had to tell his story.

When he had finished, the teacher said, "Well, Mr. Henderson, that is very unfair. You may come to this room tomorrow afternoon, and write a theme, but you will get no credit for it."

James Henderson went away from her desk feeling very much ashamed, for he had not seen Charles' name on the paper when he put his name at the top of it. Even if Mr. Henderson was ashamed, the other pupils thought it was a good joke on him. For stealing was not the sentiment that prevailed in the school.

GRACE FOLEY, '15.

Alumni Notes

Willard I. Morse, '04, a graduate of the Boston University Law School, is with the Massachusetts Title Insurance Company of Boston.

Raymond Ladoo of last year's class is at Harvard; Arthur Hussy, at Bates; Ernest Lothrop, at Williams; Karl Lee, at Bates; and Olive Cook and Ruth Hyatt at Fitchburg Normal.

Howard W. Gibbs, '06, Middlebury, '10, McGee, '11, is enrolled at the Medical College, Baltimore, Maryland.

John P. Driscoll, '05, Williston, '07, is a junior at the Law School of B. U.

Herbert F. Cawthorne, '04, who is studying for the ministry at Brown University, is president of the Y. M. C. A. of that institution.

Ralph A. Joslin, '09, is with Merriam, Hall & Company.

Mildred Merrill, Rachel Morse, Dorothy Whittier and Adelaide Lavin, '10, are back at the high school, taking a post graduate course.

Edith M. Cozzens, '03, and Samuel H. Follansbee, '03, were married October 1, 1910.

The following is taken from the records of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company:

"Ralf E. Walker, assistant to the General Supervisor of Traffic, resigned last month to accept a position with large opportunities, in the office of the General Superintendent of Traffic of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in New York City.

"For eighteen years, Mr. Walker has been a New England Telephone man. Starting as night operator in Leominster, Mass., in 1892, he began a nine years' term as manager at Marlboro, Mass., in 1897, and was transferred to Beverly, Mass., as manager, in 1906. About a year later, he made one of that efficient corps of toll service inspectors whose crusade at that time for better toll operating is traffic department history. When the present functioned organization was inaugurated, a line of work mapped out for one of the assistants to the General Supervisor of Traffic made Mr. Walker the logical selection for the position."

Mr. Walker graduated from L. H. S. in 1896.



Athletics

THE most successful football season in the history of L. H. S. closed, with a decisive victory over our old rivals, Fitchburg High School, on Thanksgiving Day. We have won the title of champions of the Wachusett Interscholastic League by virtue of victories over the Fitchburg, Gardner and Clinton High Schools. We also have won the high school championship of Worcester county. Our team has twice defeated the strong Worcester High School team, which compares favorably with any high school team in the state. The boys have won thirteen straight victories, and they have scored one hundred and ninety points against twelve which they allowed their opponents. Milford High obtained ten of these, while Clinton obtained the other two. The team has been one of which any school would be proud. In awarding the title of champion high school team of the state, our team must not be overlooked by authorities on football just because it isn't in Greater Boston. Malden High, to whom many are inclined to award the title, has no better record than our team. Three cheers for the champion eleven of Leominster High!

L. H. S. 17; C. H. S. 2.

Clinton High School was defeated by our team for the second time this season, on Oct. 12, in Clinton. Clinton seemed to be playing twelve men in a large part of the game, and our boys claimed that they received a raw deal. The referee allowed a touchdown for Clinton when all the Clinton boys were off-side. Captain Little protested but was given no satisfaction. At the close of the game, Clinton gave the score as 17 to 8. A few days later, however, the referee admitted his mistake, and in a letter received from the principal, the touchdown was declared illegal. This score as corrected was 17 to 2.

L. H. S. 12; G. H. S. 0.

On Saturday, October 19, Leominster made their title of Wachusett League champions sure by winning from Gardner High by the score of 12 to 0. The game was played in Gardner.

Captain Little got the first touchdown after three minutes of play. Houde recovered a fumble, and in a few rushes Little went over for a touchdown. Corkum kicked the goal. The other touchdown was made by Merriman later in the game. Corkum kicked the second goal.

Little, Merriman, Griffin, and Corkum excelled for Leominster, while Flood and Ryan played well for Gardner.

L. H. S. 23; F. H. S. 0.

The big game was played with Fitchburg High on Thanksgiving Day, on the local grounds, before the largest crowd that ever attended a game in this town.

Fitchburg, expecting to win, brought down a band to enliven things, while Leominster had a drum corps. It was a wiser and sadder crowd that went home to Fitchburg after the game. They really thought that they had a chance to win for about two minutes after the game started. The Fitchburg team put up a plucky fight against a stronger team, which outclassed them at every turn. The Fitchburg boys were a sorry sight after the game, having been battered and bruised by the heavy Leominster team. Our team, on the other hand, did not show the least sign of exhaustion. So well had Coach Watson drilled them that not one of Fitchburg's favorite plays worked.

At ten o'clock Referee Bentley called Captains Amiott and Little together. In another moment the coin was flipped, and Amiott won. He chose to receive the kickoff at the south goal.

With a last final cheer from each side-line by the crowd, Griffin kicked off. Fitchburg's hopes rose as Amiott broke through Leominster's line for a twenty yard run. On the next two plays the Fitchburg backs were downed in their tracks. Amiott punted. Griffin immediately punted back,

and in the duel that followed, Griffin was rapidly forcing the Fitchburg team back. On the last punt by Griffin, Duval tackled Amriott before he gained an inch. The Fitchburg boys had been offside, and it was Leominster's ball on Fitchburg's 30 yard line. Griffin and Little each made a ten yard gain, and on the next play the ball was fumbled. Houde was on it in an instant, and in two more rushes, Little carried the ball over. Corkum kicked the goal. After two minutes, the quarter was over. Griffin punted beautifully, and each of the ends got down fast under his punts.

In the second period, there was no scoring done, but Leominster had all the best of it. Smith and Crain got some good tackles while Suhlke and Letters smashed up many plays, each far outplaying his man.

Griffin kicked off at the beginning of the third quarter, and the Fitchburg team showed the battering that they received in the preceding half. In five minutes Captain Little got a touchdown after a twelve yard run. Corkum again kicked the goal. There was no further scoring in that period. Merriman and Spiller got in some fine defensive playing. Corkum tried for a drop kick, but the Fitchburg forwards broke through and hastened the kick.

In the fourth period, Leominster scored twice. Little, ably assisted by the other backs, Griffin and Merriman, got both touchdowns. Suhlke and Letters also got some fine gains on tackle plays. Corkum kicked one goal but did not try for the other.

After the game there was a celebration and the players were carried around the square, by their enthusiastic admirers.

The lineup follows:

LEOMINSTER HIGH.

Spiller, l. e.
Suhlke, l. t.
Houde, l. g.
Smith, c.
Crain, r. g.
Letters, r. t.
Duval, Robichaud, r. e.
Corkum, q. b.
Merriman, l. h. b.
Griffin, Duval, r. h. b.
Little, f. b.

FITCHBURG HIGH.

Adams, Conlon, r. e.
Colburn, r. t.
McTaggart, r. g.
Phillips, c.
Bath, l. g.
Goodrich, l. t.
Donohue, l. e.
Higgins, q. b.
Fisher, r. h. b.
Amriott, l. h. b.
Garno, f. b.

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Watson, who worked hard to make the team a success. How he has accomplished his end, we may all see. Manager Brazil and Assistant Manager Richardson come in for their share of credit, as do Mr. Hull and Mr. Weston.

Exchanges

"Other papers all remind us
 We can make our own sublime,
 If our fellow schoolmates send us
 Contributions all the time.
 Here a little, there a little,
 Story, school-note, song or jest;
 If you want a good school paper,
 Each of you must do your best."—*Ex.*

The Recorder (Springfield High), is on the home stretch and has nearly reached its goal. This number is a vast improvement over the former publications. The idea of having the school directory is good, and one not usually seen in high school papers.

Lynn Classical High seems to have a great deal of class spirit, for the class notes form a good share of the paper; nevertheless, room is found for several fine stories. "It is Never Too Late to Mend" is especially good.

Marlborough's *Orange and Black* contains not a single story! Hasn't someone pride enough in the school to write one?

Ye Old Courant (Bradford, Penn.). An exceptionally good paper, for everything is arranged in a natural and good order.

Jabberwock (Girls' Latin School, Boston). Your idea of taking up a study of the various pictures and the statuary seen in your building, is an excellent one. How many of us know the stories of some of the most famous of these?

Stillwater, Minn. Your *Arrow* contains good material, but there is very little of it; we can get only a sample of what you can do, if you try.

The quality and quantity of the Salem Songs and Cheers, found in *The Advance*, bear witness to loyalty and devotion to Salem High, on the part of the pupils.

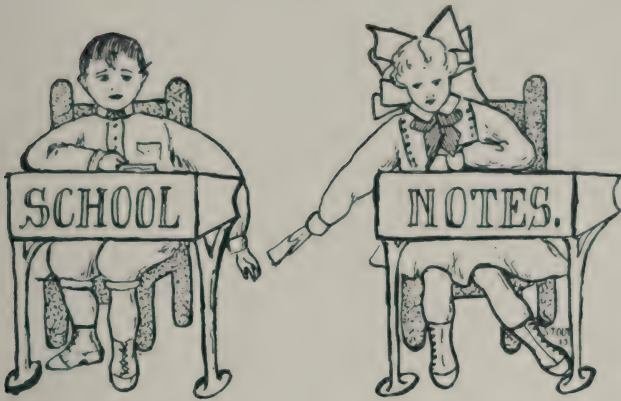
In the *Greylock Echo* (Adams High), "The Reformation of Edith Kent," especially pleases us. We all might well learn a lesson from the results of Edith's borrowing.

Grotonian (Groton School). Your idea of publishing a weekly supplement is a good one, thus giving the news at first hand, and devoting the monthly publication to literature.

The Breeze (Cushing Academy), is an excellent paper. Everything deals with the school and its aims, leading us to look forward to each succeeding paper with anticipations of something good. The Alumni notes are fine.

THE MAGNET also receives with thanks, *The Echo* (Kenton, Ohio); *The Journal* (W. P. I., Worcester); *The Middlebury Campus* (Vermont); *The College Signal* (Amherst Agricultural) and *Tufts Weekly* (Tufts College).

HELEN C. RICHARDSON, '12.



Friday evening, December second, the Worcester Tech Glee Club gave an interesting concert in the Assembly Hall, under the auspices of the Teachers' Association. About half through the concert there was a magician from W. P. I., who did numerous sleight of hand tricks entertaining the audience for about half an hour. After the concert there was dancing in the gymnasium until about eleven-thirty. Music was furnished by the W. P. I. orchestra.

The Senior Class are planning to give a dance Wednesday, December 21, in the gymnasium, from 7.30 to 11. Music will be furnished by E. Percival Coleman. The committee in charge are: (Chairman) Albert Tenney, Nellie Pierson, Margaret Munsie, Nellie Lothrop and Robert Griffin.

New officers are chosen each term for the German Club. The following have been elected for the second term: President, Clarence Spiller; Vice-President, Beryl Bartlett; Treasurer, Herman Sanders; Secretary, Theodore Kloss.

Miss Margaret A. Chard has taken the place of Miss Alice Eames as drawing teacher. Miss Eames now teaches in Fitchburg.

Latin Class.

Miss D.—“Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa” (You have pacified the winds by the blood of a sacrificed maiden).

Teacher.—Who was it that was sacrificed?

Miss D.—A deer (dear).

Advice to Freshmen.

“Beware of desperate steps! The darkest day,
Lived till tomorrow will have passed away.”



Wanted—Position as chauffeur.
Address Knapp '12.

After the Thanksgiving game a Fitchburg youngster was heard to remark, "Golly, Leominster ought to play Harvard."

Several members of the Sophomore and Senior classes have taken up astronomy.

When one asks Miss Gurney if she has any new friends at school she answers, "Hard(l)y."

One of the Senior girls says that the Letters in shorthand are very interesting.

Some of us fit in—and others butt in.

"My dog took first prize at the cat show." "How was that?" "He took the cat."

Dobbins.—"I hear that your neighbor, Frof. Fad, is quite an enthusiast in garden experimenting." Wobbins.—"Well, I should say so! This year he is going to graft a strawberry plant with a milkweed, and expects to get strawberries and cream!"

A Chinese laundryman had a watch that lost time. He took it to a watchmaker.

"Watchee no good to Charlie Lee," said he. "You fixee him, eh?"

"Certainly," said the watchmaker. "What is the trouble with it?"

"Oh, him too muchee by'n bye," said Charlie Lee.

Although teachers should not show any partiality to their classes, Miss Grant calls Senior Division Two "Those blessed Seniors."

"Fine donkey that, Mackenzie," said the new minister to the Scotchman. "What dae ye ca' him?" "Maxwelton, meenister." "Whatfore that, mon?" cried the visitor. "Because his brays are bonny," was the reply.

"My doctor told me that I would have to quit eating so much meat."

"Did you laugh him to scorn?"

"I did at first, but when he sent in his bill I found he was right."

"Can I offer you a little friendly advice?"

"If you'll take a little in return."

Here the negotiations ceased.

Instructor.—Miss Rahm, which do you prefer, "L'Allegro," (meaning merry man), or "Il Penseroso?"

Miss Rahm.—"L'Allegro," certainly.

The Senior girls' lineup for football will appear in a later edition.

BEFORE YOU DECIDE

who is to fill that position in your store or office, give us a chance to recommend one of our students.

Mr. Frank P. Bell, formerly principal of Dawson's Business College, is now at the head of our Commercial Department, and he and two other teachers give their whole time to teaching the strictly Commercial subjects.

When in need of a Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Clerk, or help of any kind, apply to the

LEOMINSTER HIGH SCHOOL

John C. Hull, Principal.

Typewriting done at reasonable rates.

You are now beginning to think about the Christmas Gifts you are going to give. You want your own personality, taste, etc., in the present. You want to please those to whom you give, and the matter of expense must be considered.

When you think of Gifts, think, too, of

THE LUXCRAFT STUDIO AND GIFT SHOP

in Fitchburg.

Nothing would be better to give than a good portrait of yourself, nothing more acceptable to your friends. We make them. Or else if you want something odd and beautiful in craft work, or wish to see the finest line of Christmas cards, come to us.

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Senior Class Party

Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1910.

Music: E. Percival Coleman

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Fitchburg, Mass.

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MORE VALUE
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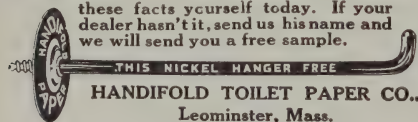
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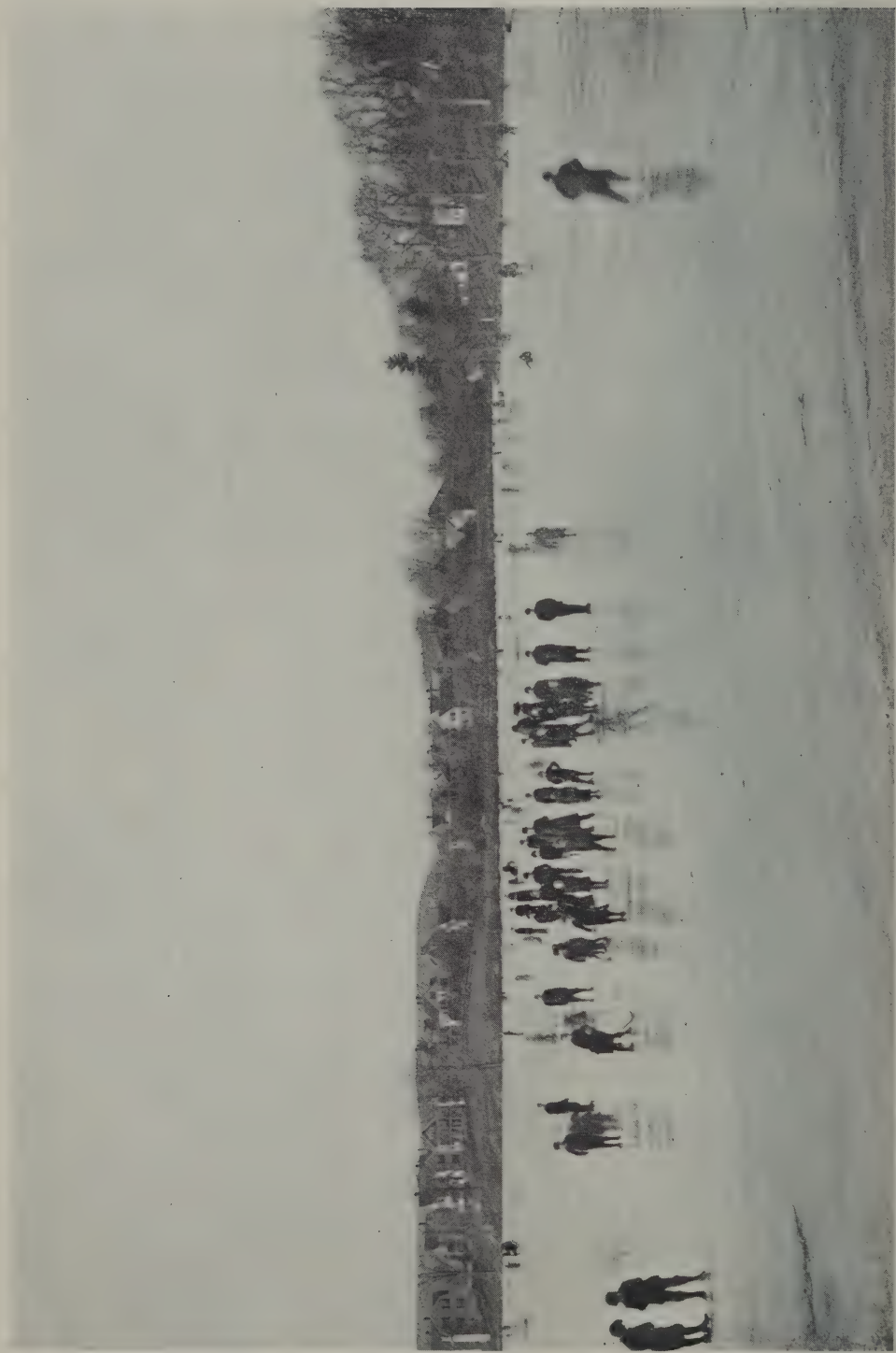
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WHERE L. H. S. SPENT VACATION

THE MAGNET

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



As a railway train rumbles over a village crossing, the holiday pleasures have passed by, and the gates of vacation raised once more permit the wagon of school life to move onward. The horse jogs along more rapidly and easily after its short rest. Thus school life progresses after vacation. That it should progress thus, is quite as important as school life itself. For what does school life become when the horse grows weary, and the wagon wheels begin to grind? Useless. worse than useless. It defeats the very ends for which it was made. By labor we are happy. By the labor of school life we combine happiness with training to become something in the world. Men have lived before us, and they have made discoveries. Must we begin where they begun and there-

fore, in all probability, proceed no further? No. We go to school, learn what these men discovered, and proceed from where they left off. But sometimes school life grows tiresome. It no longer runs smoothly, and we cease to care what others have found out. We imagine we could be sublimely happy without a single lesson, teacher, or edifice of instruction. For one brief moment we feel convinced that "ignorance is bliss." When this wave of feeling sweeps over the student body, it is time for the gates to fall, and the wagon to stop. But there is no need of alarm. A rest-cure is all this disease will need, and a long breath of fresh air will blow it away.

The name given to this rest-cure is vacation, a very important thing. Now, vacations are not mere holidays planted here, or there, or anywhere, according to the pleasure of the school committee. They are, rather, carefully planned rest periods stationed at the very places where rest is most needed. About every eighth week in L. H. S. the malady starts to spread, but is thereupon stopped short by a vacation. One week is the specified time for cure. At the end of that week the scholars may still say, "We are not ready to go back." But it is a lazy man's answer, and not that of a tired man. Laziness is only the aftermath, which dies out in a few days when they have once more become accustomed to work.

It seems to us that there is another remedy than that of entirely stopping school life, and that is lessening the outside studying. School work, in trying to make a man, must not monopolize his time. A boy, to become a man, must first of all live, and if overwhelmed with studying, he will die long before the age of manhood. Even admitting that there is a certain amount of work to be done, cannot that work be accomplished in school hours? If more time is given to learning and less to telling what one knows, perhaps the quantity of outside studying will be somewhat reduced. This method is gradually finding its place in Leominster High.



A New Year's Dream

EILEEN was sitting in a pretty little room in her grandmother's house. It was New Year's Eve., and Eileen had determined to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. She was thinking how she could do it, because her grandmother was a rather strict old lady who had no idea of letting her stay up longer than eight o'clock.

Eileen often remarked to her friends that her grandmother was a true believer in one of Franklin's sayings: "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The room which Eileen was in, was rather old-fashioned. Many times her mother had sat dreaming, like herself, before the old fire-place. The room was furnished with a tall, old-fashioned clock, an old worn organ, a couch, and a few chairs. It had always been Eileen's favorite room. Suddenly, she felt her arm grasped by something which gently turned her around until she faced the clock, the door of which slowly opened, and a gray bearded man stepped slowly out. In his hands he held an hour-glass and a scythe. Eileen looked again. Yes, there was no doubt about it! It was the Old Year. She clasped her hands and smiled, but the Old Year scowled back at her, which changed her smile.

Then she heard the sad tolling of bells in the distance. As she listened, the mournful sound changed to a merry one. It was not the clanging of the village bells, but it had soft, silvery tones. She watched on, half frightened, half joyfully, when a rustling sound was heard. She wondered if she was mistaken. No, she was not. There was a procession of children dressed in white coming towards her. As they danced along they scattered white roses before them. They formed a semi-circle around the clock. Last of all, came a rosy baby, with an hour-glass held fast in its hand. It was the New Year. It smiled at Eileen, and then stepped into the clock. The ringing of the bells ceased, and the children disappeared.

All this while the Old Year stood silent, with head bent downward. He raised it and walked with slow and measured step toward Eileen. He was grasping her arm, when Eileen gave a little scream and woke up. She found it was not the Old Year who had touched her, but her grandmother.

She went to bed quietly for she knew she had her wish in a dream, if not in reality.

ETHEL M. RYAN, '15.

Student (in sewing): But Miss —, aren't these sleeve patterns rather full?

Teacher: Well, we've been using them for several years, and they've been all right.

Longings

If I were a railroad brakeman,
I'd holler the stations so plain
That a man who was going to Texas,
Would ride clear through to Maine.
I'd open the door of the smoking-car,
And I'd give such a mighty roar,
That the passengers up in the sleeper,
Would all fall out on the floor;
For I couldn't afford a tenor voice,
And I couldn't afford to speak
In the sweet, soft tones of the Æolian harp,
For eleven dollars a week.

If I were a baggage-master
I'd rattle the trunks about.
I'd stand them up in a corner,
And I'd tear their contents out;
I would pull the handles out by the roots,
I would kick their corners in,
I'd throw their stuffing all round the car,
And make them lank and thin;
For I couldn't afford to wear kid gloves,
Nor put soft pads on my feet,
Nor to handle things gently when all my pay
Just kept me in bread and meat.

If I were a railroad conductor,
As through the train I'd go,
I'd have for every question they asked,
This ready answer: "Don't know."
I'd miss connections for lots of men,
I'd run lone passengers past;
I'd tell them 't was eight when I knew 'twas ten,
And I'd swear their watches were fast;
For I couldn't afford to be civil
When I knew every man in the load
Would look at my watch and ring, and say
He stole them things from the road.

Pat and Mike

PAT and Mike were two brothers living in Ireland. One day Pat got up from the dinner table and said, "I say. Mike, let's git a ticket an' sail fer th' United States."

"Faith, an' I'd go if I hed th' cash," replied Mike.

"An' if yer haven't th' cash, why, I'll help yer out a little, to be sure," said Pat.

Then Mike said, "An if yer can len' me about tin dollars, I'll be satisfied."

Pat lent Mike ten dollars, and with his other money Mike had enough to pay his fare across, and to get a night's lodging, and two or three meals, after he arrived in the United States.

Pat was a great deal richer than his brother and had enough money to pay his fare and to get a good lodging and meals for about three months in the United States.

The two brothers bought their tickets and took the first boat that went to the United States. They had many experiences on the way across the Atlantic. Both Pat and Mike were seasick the first day out. Mike was worse than Pat, and the doctor came to him and said, "Can you keep anything on your stomach, Mike?"

"Yes," replied Mike, "my hand has been there all day."

The third day out the boat's goat was let loose so that it might get some fresh air. When Pat saw him, he ran. He had had enough of goats in his native land. Mike saw him run, and said to him, "An' are yer afraid of a dog with horns? He won't hurt anything. Yer jist watch me pat him." (He had never seen a goat before and didn't know he was dangerous.) He went up to the goat and tried to pat him, but the goat turned around and ran. Finally, however, after a long and exciting chase, Mike overtook him and was about to grab him when he fell over something (he never knew that his brother had tripped him) and landed on top of the goat. He got up and then sat down in a steamer chair. The goat was led away by a member of the boat's crew because it was thought that if he stayed there that some damage would be done.

Mike went to sleep in the chair and dreamed that he was tied to a railroad track, and that the train was coming at a mile-a-minute rate. The train struck him, and he awoke to find himself flying through the air, and a moment after, he was floundering around in the water. He was rescued and supplied with dry clothes. Then he went on deck and said to Pat, "An' do yer know, I was pushed over by an ingine."

"To be sure, an' I know where th' ingine is now, me biy," said Pat, laughing at his brother's mishap and pointing at the goat.

When Mike saw the "ingine," he laughed also, and then said, "To be

sure, an' I'll niver pat another one of thim terrible creatures, at all, at all." And he never did.

They landed in New York, and were looking around for a hotel when they saw a sign denoting a theatre. "An' after we find th' hotel we can go to the theatre tonight. I niver wint to one," said Pat, and Mike agreed to go. They found their hotel not far from the theatre. They ate their supper and got ready to go to the theatre.

Pat paid his own and his brother's admission. They had seats in the front of the theatre. During the performance there was a song sung entitled, "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" The chorus began with those words, and, as they were sung, Mike jumped up and cried "Sure, we left him in Ireland!" which caused the audience to laugh.

When they got back to their hotel, Pat said to Mike, "Why did yer get up an' yill in the theatre this night fir?"

"She asked me a question, an' I answered it. Don't yer remimber at th' wharf we said to Kelly, 'Goodby, Kelly,' and went aboard. Yer should hiv been polite enough to get up an' tell her so," said Mike.

The next day the two brothers were walking up Broadway, when they saw a sign which read: "Wanted: Candidates for the police force."

"Sure, an' that's a fine job fer us, me b'y," said Mike. "Lit's go in an, apply."

They walked in and asked the police commissioner if they could have a place on the force. The commissioner said to them, "You must go to the gymnasium and take violent exercise for about a month."

They worked faithfully, and after about a month's training they became members of the New York police force, and are now doing good service to the American Metropolis, and we hope they will keep it up in the future.

M. PRUE, '14.

The Snow Storm

IT was night,—cold, dark, and gloomy. Far upon the lonely mountain the snow was falling, at first in large, feathery flakes, but later in huge clouds, blowing swiftly, noiselessly, determinedly down the mountain side. Fast and silently it slipped and slid into every crease, crack, and crevice, until it lay like a bridal veil crowning the brow of the mountain.

Here it remained in sleepy content, looking down on the peaceful little valley below with its twinkling, cheery lights. Then suddenly a drowsy thought stirred the frigid depths of its bleak heart. Slowly this thought became a desire, burning and unquenchable, that flamed its cold, white heart with sudden passion. At last, rearing itself up on the barren rocks, it

called up to the north wind to come and help it in its cruel game. Then the north wind, hearing the call, lifted up its awful voice in answer, and came sweeping, howling, roaring down the mountain-side to join its white companion. Together they went winding down on their fateful, merciless journey, blotting out old, familiar landscapes and changing walls and hedges into an endless, undulating sea of white.

Gradually the air became one solid mass of blinding, smoking, smothering snow, and every beaconing light of the village was blurred and confused. Yet on they marched, not considering, not calculating, but recklessly, regardlessly, on and on with the doom of destiny clasped in their clammy, icy clutch. Slowly, quietly, but surely, they drew their net of destruction tighter and tighter. At last, with sudden fury, they swept down on the scattered houses, and the north wind raised its hollow voice in a cry of warning. But the drowsy bark of a watch-dog was its only answer. Then, furious at the insult, it caught up its white companion in its arms and went roaring, thundering, fighting, screaming, through the village. It hissed and howled like a thousand, thousand, wildcats. It leaped, it fought, it snorted, it groaned. It scratched, scraped, and fumbled, at the windows; and went whistling, scolding, hissing, past the cracks. It roared and stamped at the doors, impetuously ordering them to open; then swept furiously, passionately, around the corners, beating wildly on the windows and sending every shutter screaming on its worn hinge. Next, driving madly through the deserted streets, it flung back its hollow, mocking laugh, knowing full well that its companion would complete the work.

Behind crept the snow. Like a great, white monster, it stole silently and stealthily up behind its victim, and grasping him with its cold, lifeless hand, it led him through the vast, white sea, to treacherous holes and ditches. Here it breathed on him with its chilling breath, and with its icy hand marked him with signs only known to Death. Then, smiling cruelly, it reached out its clammy claw for the next belated wanderer.

And so the hours passed. Never had the north wind stormed so vehemently. Never had it raised its awful voice in such sudden fury, as if angry at the innocent, snug, little village, and determined to shriek out to the terror stricken inhabitants the horror of a hundred tragedies. Never had the snow done its deadly work so thoroughly.

But gradually the clouds parted. Slowly the voice of the north wind sank to a fretting, moaning whisper, as it searched out its white companion. Then, just as the pale dawn stole over the frightened, half buried village, the two crawled over the silent white fields and crept sobbing and sighing up the mountain side, where their voices at last ebbed and died away.

HELEN WOODBURY, '11.

Mediæval Hunting

HUNTING, as carried on in the middle ages, was a much more exciting sport than it is now, and was, in addition, more constantly dangerous than modern hunting.

As the greatest danger from modern hunting lies in the bursting or premature exploding of fire-arms, and the greatest danger to mediæval hunters lay in the ferocity of the hunted animals, the danger in mediæval times caused a certain amount of excitement which is lacking in modern hunting.

In modern hunting the hunter, on seeing game, either bags or loses his game with the first shot, or, if he has repeating fire-arms, with the first few shots. In either case, his excitement is suddenly brought to a high pitch and as suddenly dropped. On the other hand, mediæval hunters were excited through comparatively long periods of time, during which there was a constant chance of losing or getting the game and a consequent constant excitement.

Mediæval hunters, like those of modern times, used many different methods of hunting, and of outwitting the game, but all methods practiced to any great extent are divisible into two classes: falconry and the chase. In falconry the animals were hunted by the aid of falcons or hawks, which flew high up, and, seeing game, swooped down upon it. The owner, by watching the falcon, found out where the game was, and was on hand when the falcon struck, to aid in killing the game. If the falcon attacked a bird, it was left to kill it without help, the owner only watching the fight and retrieving the game. The falcons were of course used only on birds and small game. When it was desired that they should not hunt, they were blinded by means of hoods, or kept in cages.

By far the most important branch of mediæval hunting, however, was the chase. In this the participants rode horseback, and the game was started by dogs which ran at will. When the dogs started game, the hunters followed them in a sort of cross-country race, jumping ditches, fences and hedges, and taking the general course of the game.

The arms used in hunting varied more according to the game they were used for than on any other basis. The wild boar was a very dangerous animal when hunted, for it generally turned and attacked its pursuers; so men who hunted it used high javelins which could be thrown. The deer always ran from its pursuers, so it was hunted by means of a long, but light spear. For rabbit hunting, bows and arrows were used. Many modifications of each of these weapons were made, and gradually each found its place and stayed there.

As hunting was the only sport of the middle ages, (unless tournaments

could be called a sport) it was desired to perpetuate it: so the lords set off great tracts of land for game-preserves. Killing game on one of these game-preserves was as much of an offence as killing a man. As these tracts were free from taxation, as being non-productive lands, there was little incentive for using them for other purposes. So they still remain in many parts of England today.

LELAND BLOOD.

Bob Farnum's Run

IT was Thanksgiving Day. On this day the teams of Holbrook and Glendale Academies met annually on the gridiron. The game was played on this day at the Glendale field.

When the whistle blew for the fourth quarter, Holbrook was in the lead by a score of 3 to 0. The Glendale players went into the game with a determination to win. In the third play, the Glendale left-end, Anson, was injured and had to leave the field. Captain Danvers of the Glendale team called a fellow named Farnum from a group of substitutes to take his position. The ball was in the middle of the field, and the next play of Holbrook's was directed at Bob's end as they expected it to be weak. But Bob threw the runner with a gain of but a yard.

The next play was directed at right guard, and the ball was fumbled by the Holbrook fullback. Bob picked up the ball and ran towards the other goal with both teams behind him. He ran and ran, and finally crossed the goal line exhausted. The people in the stands stood up cheering. Then they swarmed upon the field and it was impossible to kick a goal.

When a captain was elected for the next year a few days later, Bob was a nearly unanimous choice.

COUGHLIN, '14.

A novel reason for discipline was that vouchsafed by a child whose school record was a grief to his parents.

"Tommy," said his teacher one day, in despair, "Why do you think I scold you so much?"

"'Cause you get sort o' fretful keeping school," was the evidently honest and quite unexpected reply.—*Christian Register*.

Fred's Coasting Party

ALICE STONE had just arrived in California to spend Christmas with her aunt and two cousins, Fred and Edith. Fred told Alice that they never had snow in the winter, when he saw her amazement.

"O Fred!" said Alice, who lived in Maine and had plenty of snow, "Must it not be awful to live here, if you do not have any snow, for I don't see as you can go coasting, build snow-men, or throw snow balls?"

"Well," said Fred, "we can go coasting just the same, even though we do not have snow."

"How?" said Alice, wondering greatly how you could coast without snow.

"I will show you how, after dinner," replied Fred, greatly amused to think Alice didn't know how.

Alice felt much better after this, for she thought if she was going to spend three weeks here, she wanted to coast some of the time.

After they had their dinner, Fred went out in the barn and brought in three sleds, one each for Edith, Alice, and himself.

They started out, and in a short time came to a high hill, and all around it there stood large, pine trees. When they were climbing the hill, Alice fell many times, for it was very slippery, being covered with pine needles.

"Now," said Fred, when they reached the top of the hill, "Edith and I will go first to show you how."

Alice was greatly surprised to see them go down the hill just as well as if they were going on snow. Then she went down.

When she came back, Fred said, "Now do you see how we coast?"

"Yes," said Alice, "and I like it better than the way we coast in Maine, for you do not get all cold and wet."

MARION E. BRABSON, '15.



Two Ruths

MISS MARTIN was expecting her little niece, Ruth, who was coming from Albany to live with her on account of her mother's death. For her father being a business man could not take care of her.

One morning, about nine o'clock, a telegram was delivered saying:

"Ruth will arrive on eleven forty-five train from Albany, Monday. John."

So at eleven-forty on Monday morning, Miss Martin was already at the station waiting, and wondering what she would be like. For she was going to take into her home a child she had never seen before. When the train came in, she found a quiet little girl with dark curls, whose name proved to be Ruth Martin. But she was surprised to see that she did not look like her mother, father, aunts, or any of the Martin family.

"How is your father, dear," asked Miss Martin.

"My papa is dead," piped up the little girl.

Miss Martin thought she was so overcome with fatigue after traveling so far that she was not thinking of what she said. So she hired a taxi-cab and took the little girl to her home on Commonwealth Avenue.

When the child saw the beautiful home she said, "This is not Auntie's house, is it?"

"Yes, dear, it is," replied Miss Martin smiling.

When they had arrived inside of the house Miss Martin took the little girl into the next room for dinner. The child was still with surprise, and her eyes were wide open with astonishment at the sight of the food on the table. A week passed with her saying and doing strange things, when another little girl came to the house. She also declared that her name was Ruth Martin.

Two days later, a letter came from Mr. Martin in Albany, saying that Ruth was supposed to have arrived there two days ago, and inquired if she arrived there all right.

After looking into the matter, Miss Martin found out that the first Ruth belonged to a Martin family at the other end of the city, and that the boy who delivered the telegram left it at the wrong house.

PAULINE BURNS, '15.





ATHLETICS

BASKET-BALL practice begun on Monday, November 28. The boys seem determined to follow up their brilliant success on the football field by having a winning basket-ball team. Coach Watson has some good material to pick from, as most of the boys of last year's winning team are out again for the team this year. In the two games that have been played, the team showed up well, winning both without having to exert themselves very much. We hope to make a clean sweep in the Wachusett League by winning the football, basket-ball, baseball, and track championships. There is no reason why we shouldn't do this, since we have already annexed the football championship and have made a good start in basket-ball. We will not be able to do it, however, unless we have plenty of candidates for the various teams. There is plenty of good material in the school if it would only reveal itself. Every boy who is physically able should come out for, at least, some one of the teams.

The girls also started out to have a basket-ball team, but the interest seems to have died down. Some of the girls account for this by saying that they do not like the revised rules. They have sent in a petition for the reinstatement of the old rules, and they hope to hear a favorable answer. Miss Darby is manager of the team.

The committee which met at Fitchburg, on Saturday, Dec. 17, has decided on the following baseball schedules for 1911.

- May 6. Fitchburg at Gardner.
- May 13. Clinton at Gardner. Fitchburg at Leominster.
- May 17. Leominster at Gardner.
- May 20. Fitchburg at Clinton.
- May 24. Leominster at Clinton.
- May 27. Clinton at Fitchburg.
- June 3. Gardner at Fitchburg, 10 a. m. Clinton at Leominster, 10 a. m.
- June 7. Gardner at Leominster.
- June 10. Gardner at Clinton.
- June 17. Leominster at Fitchburg.

The games of June 3d are in the forenoon on account of the track meet at Fitchburg in the afternoon.

The first basket-ball game of the season was played on Saturday, Dec. 10, in the gymnasium, with the Worcester Tech. Independents. It resulted in a victory for our team by the score of 23 to 6. The game was exciting to the end. The visitors had the advantage over the local boys in age and weight, but what our team lacked in these, they more than made up in quickness and passing.

Merriman was the star of the game. He shot six baskets from the floor, and also played a good covering game. Tenney also played well, shooting three baskets from the floor. Crain, Letters, and Suhlke played a good covering game. For the visitors, Kane excelled. Atherton also played a good game.

The line-up:

L. H. S.	W. P. I. I.
Tenney, l f.....	r b, Brown
Merriman, r f.....	l b, Mitchell—Treadwell
Suhlke, c.....	c, Atherton
Letters, l b.....	r f, Crouch
Crain, r b.....	l, f, Kane

Between the halves, and after the big game, the second team played a picked team from the Fitchburg Y. M. C. A. The game resulted in a defeat for the local team by the score of 14 to 4. Merrick was the principal point-getter for Leominster, and Johnson proved to be the star of Fitchburg.

L. H. S. 57. L. H. S. ALUMNI. 17

The annual game with the Alumni was played on Friday, Dec. 23d. The high school boys were looking for and expecting a hard game, but they were agreeably disappointed. When the old timers walked off the floor they were a beaten lot by the decisive score of 57 to 17. Some of the star players of former years were seen in the Alumni's lineups. The lineups included Wass, Kloss, Lane, Jackson and Burgess, all of whom were star players in the high school.

Merriman and Suhlke played a star game, the former getting twelve baskets from the floor, and caging nine free tries, while the latter got eight baskets. Crain covered Wass well, and Letters kept Lane from doing much. Kloss played the best game for the Alumni, getting five baskets.

The second team also played a game against the Perry Institute of Worcester, the second team winning by the score of 17 to 13.

Exchanges

"There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

No doubt that is true in some cases, but in our Exchange column, we try to criticize in a friendly manner, hoping that our criticisms will be taken in the same way.

The Recorder (Winchester High School) seems to consist chiefly in the accounts of her football games. That's all right and should not be omitted, but where are your stories? Perhaps we should not put it quite that way, as your Christmas number contained an excellent story.

Grotonian. (Groton School.) Your stories are interesting, as well as instructive. We count you as one of our best visitors. May you appear regularly the rest of the year! The account of a trip through Porto Rico is of unusual educational value in a school publication.

In *The Chronicle* (Hartford, Conn.) do we not only find several excellent stories, but almost better still, some fine poems. Especially is your idea of "Short Lengths," a good one. Here are found short sketches on famous alumni.

One trouble with you, *Arrow*, is that one has to hunt all around to find where you come from, finally judging from an advertisement that it is Stillwater, Minnesota.

Your Christmas number, *Gazette*, is a fine one. "The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men" is an excellent story and well written.

The Breeze (Cushing) also has a Christmas number. "Christmas in a Light-house," is of fine merit.

Advance. (Salem). Your exchange column bears fact that some one is on the alert, and ready for the improvement of an already good paper.

The Calendar (Buffalo, N. Y.) is unusually well arranged. "The Class Prophecy—1910" is fine, and works in a new idea for taking it up.

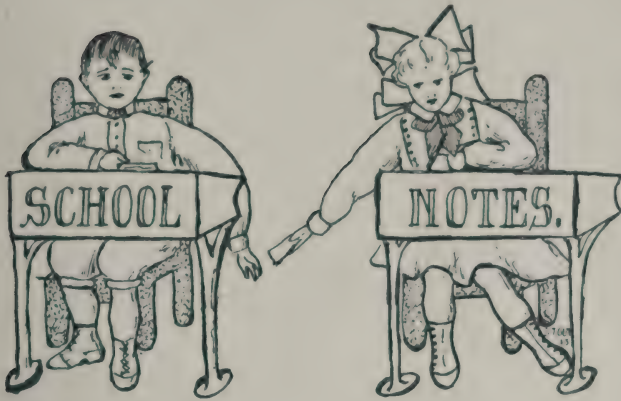
The Student. (Clinton High School.) Your article on "Yuletide Customs and Superstitions" should interest every one of us. How much more ought we to think of the day than we do, and with what a different spirit!

Welcome from the Pacific, *Totem*. (Seattle, Washington.) We are glad to see some pictures, as well as excellent headings, for the various departments.

That certainly is "A Lesson in Christmas Giving," *High School Courant*, (Bradford, Pa.) How often we give away what we do not care for, and do not regard in the least whether it will be useful or not, to the one to whom it is given.

The Greylock Echo (Adams High) improves with every number, both in material and form. Oh, that we all might have that said of our paper.

Other exchanges have been—*Clark College Record*, *University of Vermont Bulletin*, *Tufts Weekly*, *College Signal*, (M. A. C.) and *The Middlebury Campus*.



HEARD IN JUNIOR GEOMETRY.

Mr. A.: Longitude is distance along the earth's surface.

Mr. B.: Latitude is distance going up in the air, measuring from the earth up.

The Senior Class gave a dance Wednesday evening, Dec. 21, which, in spite of the storm, proved to be a success, about thirty-five couples being present. The dance was held in the gymnasium, which was decorated very prettily with the class colors, green and white. On one side of the hall was a large 1911 banner. E. Percival Coleman furnished music for the dancers. There was intermission for about fifteen minutes at ten o'clock, at which time refreshments were served by the Senior girls.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association, Frank Gaffney was elected manager of the baseball team for the coming season.

Teacher: Can you not say the alphabet, Miss Smith?

Miss Smith: I'll try. A, B, C, Dea—dy (cough)

Somebody laughs, and Miss Smith refuses to go on.

Recently the Juniors must have acquired some Royalty to the class, for Miss Tisdale in getting up to recite in Latin said, "I can't find my page."

Miss Potter '12 reciting in Junior Latin.

Hoc providebam animo—I was provided with his love.

HEARD IN GREEK HISTORY.

"There is interest and interest."

What do you say to this Howard?

Some folks say, "When in doubt, consult the dictionary."

Room 19 says, "When in doubt, consult Ruth T-S-le."

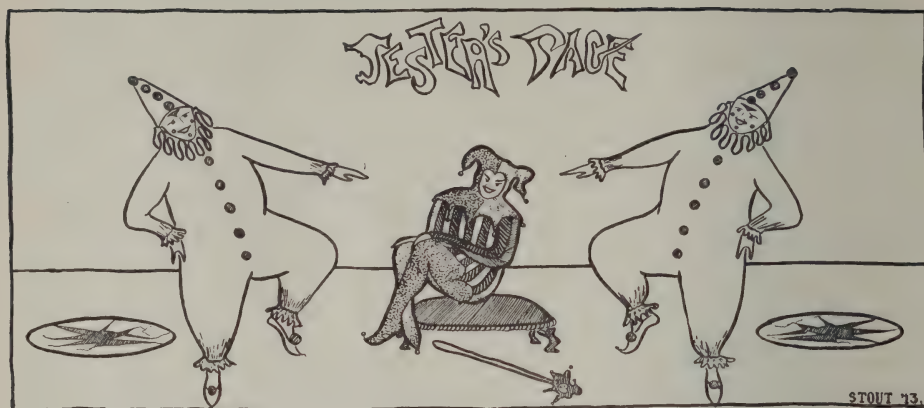
In French (Junior)

Miss M.: What did those who had been killed cry out after the battle?

In Junior Geometry.

Mr. Fenna: An oblong is a square whose sides are not equal.

Well, Martin, you had to button your shoes under difficulties in History, didn't you?



"Who is the man who is so loudly and energetically opposing restrictions on automobile speeding? I don't recollect having seen him among the motorists before."

"You haven't; he's not a motorist. He's an undertaker."

"I could be happy with you in the humblest cottage," he declared.

"Maybe you could," she replied, "but you won't."

The hobble skirt, according to one of the fashion journals, "will die a natural death." Having seen it in action, we are afraid some of the wearers will not be so fortunate.

Company Officer: In which direction can you see furthest?

Promising Recruit: The way I looked!

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table."

"I can't, mamma," protested the little girl. "I'm a fidgetarian."

"Why is Jones growing a beard?"

"Oh, I believe his wife made him present of some ties."

The Grocer's Wife: Ach! no, my child, ve cannot to de beach go in de vinter; but ven de gustomers have vent away you may take your liddle pail and chofel and play mit de granulated sugar."

Mrs. A.: Last night I made an awful *faux pas*.

Mrs. B.: Cheer up, you'll do better with practice. And would you mind lending me your pattern, dear? I've been wanting to make one of those things myself.

Moneybags: Young man, I started as a clerk on fifteen shillings a week, and today I own my business.

Hardup: I know, sir. But they have cash registers in all the shops now.

"Why are some capes like Miss Lothrop?"

"Because they have a hood."

Freshman: Wouldn't you like to buy a ticket?

Miss Skinner, '11: Go tell it to Sweeny. But the Freshie did not understand.

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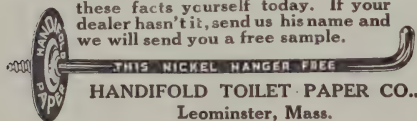
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THE MAGNET

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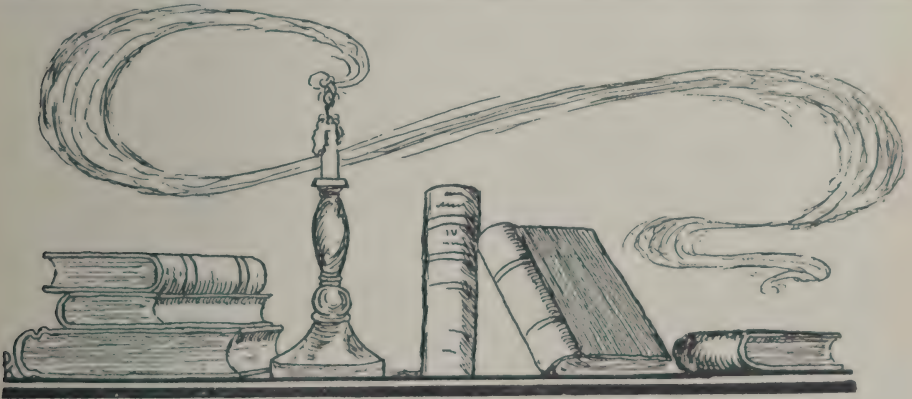
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EDITORIALS

THE lot of a Leominster High School pupil is a happy one. For he has a thousand and one advantages that a thousand and one other high school pupils do not have. How many of us ever sat down to enumerate the benefits we have? Is it possible we are all too busy enjoying them to spare one minute for gratitude? No, it is not that. But our gratitude can and will be shown in the midst of our enjoyment. Such phrases as, "We are making the prettiest jabots in sewing class," and "Isn't it fun to cut out shirtwaists," as well as, "My daughter now helps a great deal with her clothes," show the keen appreciation of sewing recently intro-

duced in the High School. The frontispiece, you have probably noticed, is a picture of one of our sewing classes. We wish that all the mothers might see these classes, not only through a picture, but in reality, that they may know what and how their daughters are learning in L. H. S. We feel that such a visit would be of interest and therefore extend a cordial invitation to visit the sewing classes at any time. Don't forget that you are always welcome in the other rooms at recitations also.

THE law of perspective applies not only to the landscape, to the vision of the eye, but to the fields of thought, to the vision of the mind. Every action lies in a valley to which we descend on one side and from which we ascend on the other. As we stand on the summit of the peak looking down into the valley of the future, the action seems small. It is far away. Then as we slowly descend the slope, it grows gradually nearer, larger, more momentous, until at last on a level with it we meet it face to face, as tall and great as we ourselves.

We battle with it, conquer or are conquered, and accordingly leave imprinted on the valley in capital letters GOOD or BAD ACTION. We mount once more toward the second peak; if conqueror, with a quicker, lighter step; if conquered, with a feebler, slower one. That is why the conqueror passes over so many more peaks than the conquered, why the agent of good accomplishes so much more than the agent of evil. For life is measured by time, not distance.

If, while ascending the slope, we look back from time to time, the action seems to grow gradually smaller again, and when we finally reach the summit, it equals in size only the next action waiting in the valley on the other side.

To the man who floats far above in his airship the earth is flat and there stand out only long lines of words in capital letters. As he looks longer the words BAD ACTION slowly fade away, leaving breaks in the long lines. But some there are where no breaches come or in which, if they do, the GOOD ACTIONS are large enough to spread and join each other. These lines represent the lives of the good, and the man above is the world.

M. EARL.

THE MAGNET has discussed school spirit, vacation, and many other subjects. It has not yet, however, shown the pupils of L. H. S. how the good name of their school depends upon each and every one. Who is there that has not heard some high school spoken of in a slurring manner? Is there any one in L. H. S. who would allow any blemish to scar the fair name of our school? Of course not! Certainly not intentionally. But there are many seemingly small, insignificant things which indirectly affect the reputation of our school as a whole. The actions of a few cast a shadow over the entire school, for are we not like one great family? The behavior of high school pupils are noted everywhere, and by all people. Not only in our own town should we be careful, but in every place, for the community as a whole will be judged by the actions of a few. Our natural manners, thoughts and ideas are sure to crop out sometime, and by such are we judged. Then, too, the pupils who are forced to go to and from school on the cars should be particularly careful. Every day there are any number of strangers on the cars, all of whom are sure to note our actions. More than one unfavorable report has been circulated concerning the conduct of these pupils. Perhaps such do not realize that not only are they hurting their own reputation, that of the school and of their parents, but they also reflect on the teachers and principal of their school. Is there any pupil who would intentionally let any reflection stand against the faculty through any thoughtlessness on his part? At least, we hope not. Therefore, we should all do our best, realizing as we do how much depends upon the opinions we let other people form of us.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

Dawn

WOODS, '14.

I sit by my window at daybreak,
And behold the round, red sun
Creep up o'er the far horizon,
And I know the day has begun.

In the west the moon grows paler,
As Apollo mounts the sky,
And a feeling of Joy comes o'er me,
For I know that God is nigh.

Johnny's Jones's Ghost

CLYDE C. CLEVERLY, '15.

JOHNNY JONES was the son of a fisherman. Every night the fishermen came to his father's home and told ghost stories; and John was a ready listener. He believed in them, was always talking about them, and he even dreamed of them. So people said that he would soon turn into a ghost himself.

One boy at school nicknamed "Mike" said that he would fix up a scheme to see if Johnny was trying to fool them. The next day while Johnny was at work chopping wood out in his back yard, a boy came to him and told him a hair-raising story. The boy was very frightened, or at least, acted so, for that was part of "Mike's" scheme.

This is the tale the boy excitedly told: "What do you think, Johnny, I saw a ghost last night at midnight standing right in back of Deacon Burns's grave, and the ghost said for me to come and tell you if you wanted to see a real ghost to come and see him tonight at ten o'clock. Are you going?"

"Of course," replied Johnny. "Wouldn't you go if you were in my place?"

"I don't think I would. He would scare you half to death." After a little more conversation the boy went away.

At ten o'clock that night Johnny was seen prowling around the cemetery by Deacon Burns's grave. As the bell in the church struck ten, there came a terrible scream, and a white figure slowly rose from in back of the grave. Johnny nearly tumbled over with fright, but he managed to keep on his feet. When he had had time to think he acted very cool.

"Are you the ghost?" said John.

"I am."

"You asked me to come here?"

"I did."

"Well, what do you want?"

The ghost was fully six feet tall just as the boy had said. He had fire eyes, and water gushed from his mouth. By this time the ghost had begun to get angry at the boy's being so cool, and he made a slip of his tongue, which Johnny recognized. Johnny commenced to laugh. He saw a stone by the roadside which he picked up as quickly as he could. He threw it with as much force as he had at the ghost's head.

There was another terrible scream and a rustle in the bushes. Then Johnny heard the patter of retreating feet, and he guessed that the ghost was only a human being.

The next day at school "Mike" had a large bump on his forehead; then Johnny knew he had guessed right.

The Passing Year

STANLEY R. BATES, '14.

A sad farewell, O passing year,
Thy moments now are faint and few,
On time's calm shore thy wave is spent,
No more can tides its strength renew.

The months that were thy fleeting life,
A thick net seem of light and shade,
Some threads with happy sunshine glow—
With sorrow dark are some o'erlaid.

Its strands are bent 'neath heavy clouds
Of mourning, solitude, and care,
When o'er the dead our aching hearts
Sob forth a weeping prayer.

Within the net together lie
Forgotten aims and thoughtless deeds.
Resolves ill-kept; tasks incomplete,
A mass of withered buds and weeds.

We may not try, O dying year,
To hide the record of thy life
His angel in His book has written,
Each instant's gain, or loss, or strife.

The year that comes with willing feet,
The blessing brings of work for God,
With us the choice; that word to blight,
Or tread the way where Christ once trod.

Around the Past the shadows grow,
Alone in light the Present waits
With outstretched hands and loving heart
To lead us toward the heavenly gates.

A Day at Vesuvius

ESTHER W. MAYO, '12.

ONE of the most interesting events of my summer vacation was a trip to Mount Vesuvius on July ninth. The previous day had been spent at Pompeii where we had seen the ruins of the once prosperous city caused by an eruption from the volcano which we were about to visit. It was a beautiful day, not too warm, and we left the hotel about half past eight.

Instead of going to the mountain by train, we drove for a long way through the city of Naples until we reached the small station where the cog railway began. The drive was most interesting. At first we passed many fine substantial buildings, but soon came to the poorer quarter of the city which our conductor particularly wished us to see. The streets and houses were very unclean, and the people seemed to live out of doors. In several places we saw women on the sidewalks boiling potatoes, and in others, men had stands where they sold macaroni and tomato. We were told that a person could get a good meal of this for ten centissimi or two cents in our money. The beggars in Naples often cried, "Macaron, macaron!" which we found out meant that they were hungry and wished money to buy macaroni. Several times we saw carts drawn by a horse, an ox, and a donkey hitched together. In the basements of some of the houses we saw that the donkey belonging to the family had his stall in one room, and the family lived in the next. Many of the streets of the city were so narrow that a person living on one side could almost reach out and shake hands with his neighbor on the other side. On many of the street corners were shrines to the Virgin built into the sides of the buildings. Before these, lights were kept burning night and day.

A little way outside the city, children began to follow the carriages, frequently turning handsprings and somersaults to induce us to give them money. Even the girls performed these difficult stunts.

Arriving at the station, we entered a small car which was pushed up the mountain side by a peculiar engine. Looking back we had a most wonderful view of the Bay of Naples, which became more and more indistinct as we went higher. On either side of us was the most luxuriant vegetation. There were many orchards of apricot and fig trees, and also fine looking vineyards. About two-thirds of the way up the vegetation ceased and the lava beds commenced. In several places we noticed rows of walls which, we were told, had been built to keep the lava, as much as possible, from pouring down the mountain side should there be another eruption.

Soon we arrived at a small station some distance from the crater, and although the track extended beyond, it was not ready for use. A track had been built there some years before, but had been destroyed by the eruption of 1906. Therefore, those who had a desire to go to the top and look down

into the immense crater were obliged either to walk or choose one of two methods of transportation, riding on horseback, or being carried in a chair fastened to two poles which the guides supported on their shoulders. The path wound in and out up the side of the mountain, and at first the walking was comparatively easy. As we went up, three or four guides accompanied us. They were rather fierce looking, and some of the ladies, being afraid, turned back. These men carried ropes and straps to help people up very steep places. We had been warned, however, about hiring guides, for they charged most unreasonable prices. Two of the ladies in our party, walking very slowly, became separated from the rest and were obliged to give their guides all the money they had with them, about three or four dollars. At a certain place not far from the top we had to pay a government tax of about forty cents. About a quarter of a mile from the top we found it exceedingly hard walking, as the ashes were about a foot deep and we slipped back at every step.

Arriving at the summit, we found some of the party, who had gone ahead, waiting for us, and with them we approached the crater. The edge of the crater was about two feet wide, sloping gradually to the bottom, which was filled with steam and gases. One of the guides went down a short way and brought us back some small stones which were quite hot. Suddenly we heard a low rumbling like thunder, and large stones on the opposite side went rolling down into the stream of red hot lava at the bottom of the crater. A volume of smoke arose so dense as to hide us from the view of our friends who had not come up. Then followed more rumbling, and more of the side caved in. We were told afterward that such occurrences were rare, and we thought ourselves very fortunate to have seen the crater at that time, and felt well paid for our hard climb.

We came down the same path by which we went up, except that where we could we took short cuts, often coming to beds of ashes where the way was so steep that we were obliged to run, keeping our balance as best we could. Arriving at the station again, we found the car awaiting us, and rode down to a hotel some distance below, where we were warmly welcomed by our friends who were glad to see us safely back. We had lunch, after which we visited the observatory, which was near the hotel. Here we were shown the seismograph which indicates any disturbance of the volcano, and which enables the man in charge to warn the people living near. This machine is watched night and day.

Our ride down in the afternoon was even more beautiful than that of the morning. As we looked back we could see the peaceful looking mountain with a thin spiral of smoke ascending to the sky. We found our carriages awaiting us, and our drive back was through a different section of the city. We arrived at the hotel about five o'clock tired, but glad we had had the day's experience.

Mary's Sacrifice

EDITH FOSTER, '15.

"OH! Mary, just think, papa has promised to take me to Europe with him at the end of this year if I pass in all my studies and get an *A* in deportment," said Gladys, as she caught up with Mary on her way to school.

Mary and Gladys had always gone to the same school together, and they always managed to sit near each other. Mary had been to Europe and she was glad that Gladys had a chance to go, for she knew it was worth working for.

The next morning Mary told Gladys that her father had promised her a gold watch, but she too must pass in every study and get an *A* in deportment.

Everything went well, and the teacher was greatly surprised by the change in the two girls, as they had formerly caused much trouble by their bad behavior.

It was the last week of school when Gladys was seized with a desire to send a note to a girl on the other side of the room. After she had written the note and passed it to one girl, she was called out of the room, and when the note was being handed to the owner, the teacher turned around and saw it.

"The person who wrote that note to Miss Smith, please get it and bring it to me, and remain after school."

Gladys had not yet returned, and Mary thought of her visit to Europe, and that was worth much more than a little gold watch, so she decided to take the blame. She got the note, handed it to the teacher, and remained after school. Mary did not get an *A* in deportment, and neither did she tell Gladys about the note, but the girl to whom the note was first handed, told Gladys what her friend had done, so she decided that Mary should not miss her watch.

When Gladys was in Switzerland she bought a beautiful gold watch for Mary, and when she returned home they both decided that no more notes would be passed in school.

A Mean Trick

SOME people kick at reading rhyme, they say it is a waste of time. They often voice in accents terse the low esteem they have for verse. But they are sometimes fooled, I wis, by verse disguised as prose, like this.—*Selected.*

A Narrow Escape

BROWNLEE GAULD, '15.

THE school in a small seaside village had just closed when three boys, Robert Chase, Dan Seabury, and Joseph Harding, came out and headed towards an old broken down wharf. An old schooner lay tied to this wharf, and it was the schooner which the boys had planned to explore that afternoon. They did not find much to interest them on deck, but one of the two hatches was opened and the boys discovered a very interesting darkness. The reason why the darkness was interesting was because, being inquisitive boys, they could not let it go unexplored. The boys let themselves into the hold by means of a rope which was attached to the boom of the main-mast.

Two of the boys got down safely, but when Dan, who was last, came, there was trouble; he was heavy and the rope, which was rotten, broke off close to the top. There were two crashes simultaneously; one crash was that of the hatch-cover, which had been left half open and had closed when the rope snapped; the other crash was made by the breaking of a loose board, which Dan had landed on.

"You have put us in a pretty fix now, Dan," said the other boys when they realized their predicament, for there was a fountain springing up inside the schooner which would sink it in less than hour, and there was a good chance that they would go down with it if they could not escape. They saw a small beam of light at the other end of the boat and so they started for it, but it turned out to be only a crack and they could not make it any larger. They went around so much that they finally forgot where the hatch, which they came in through, was, and they would probably never have gotten out if Robert had not remembered that it was directly over the leak. So they set to work and after a long time they discovered the leak. Then Joseph, who was the lightest, got on Dan's shoulders and tried to open the hatch, but he could not reach it. After thinking it over again Dan got down on his hands and knees, Robert stood on his back, and held Joseph on his shoulders. He was just able to reach on to the deck and to pull himself up. As soon as he could, he got a strong rope, and after making it fast to the boom he let it down to the boys in the hold. They seized it eagerly and pulled themselves up. The three boys reached the wharf just in time to see the schooner disappear in the water.

A Short Talk on Germs

JOHN E. McDONNELL, '15.

ABOUT the middle of October the mornings were chilly, and one morning most of the windows in the schoolroom were open. The wind was blowing in and the room felt like an ice-box. Some of the fellows turned up their coat collars to show how cold they were. The teacher noticed them and asked if anybody was cold. Quite a few pupils raised their hands, and she had the windows closed. Then she gave a short talk, and this is what she said:

"Every time you have the windows closed you are shortening your lives. Germs congregate in warm places, and then you breathe them into your lungs. Cool air is an enemy to germs, and they cannot live in it. Therefore, get all the cool air you can."

That is where I disagree with her. These are my reasons: Every one knows that the Bible says that when you have to choose between two evils, choose the lesser one. Therefore, when it comes to choosing between freezing and a few germs, give me the germs every time. When you freeze to death you die in a short space of time. But when germs get at you, you stand a chance of living a few years, and with proper care, perhaps much longer. Most people like to hold onto their lease of life as long as possible; so I believe that the majority would choose the germs.

To Abraham Lincoln

OLGA LAWRENCE, '13.

Of humble and obscurest birth was he,
But still the splendor of his worth is bright:
Yet though his people were of low degree,
In greatest trials he did what he deemed right,
And never did he falter in his duty.
Of loyal, great and kindly heart was he;
And for himself he ne'er desired booty,
His great ambition was to always be
Worthy in sight of God as well as man.
His depth of soul was like to the great sea!
And if in life he ever aught began
'Twas sure accomplished in the end to be.
From childhood up he always loved the truth
And gleaned his grain as did the fabled Ruth.

Something about Animal Tracks

HERBERT POLLARD, '15.

HAVING heard something read about the boy scouts and what they have to learn about wild animals, I thought of a few things that I have learned while in Leominster.

When there is a light snow on the ground so that the tracks are visible you often see people going fox hunting. A fox runs with one foot in front of the other so that it forms a perfectly straight line like this o o o o o, whereas a skunk and every other animal's tracks, so far as I know, are as follows: o o o o o o o o

A rabbit's tracks are three in a group because the two front feet land so near together that it makes one big track, and the hind feet make the front tracks so that a rabbit traveling to the right would leave his tracks like this o o o o o o

There is only one way that I know of to distinguish a partridge's track from a pheasant's, and that is that a pheasant's tail is so long that it drags on the ground when he walks, and the tracks have parallel lines running through them, while a partridge's track is plain <<<<<

A very queer thing about a red squirrel is that when there is a covering of snow on the ground, a red will run around and around the butt of a tree until he has made a kind of race course in the snow.

A rabbit loves the sun, and in the fall of the year on some hillside where the grass is tall a rabbit will make his sun parlor and will go there and sun himself every morning after he has eaten.

A gentleman who has just issued a book of poems met a friend with the following result: "Did you read my book?"

"Oh, yes, I read it!"

"How did you like it?"

"My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."

A small boy living with his aunt noticed that the regular black pepper shaker was partly filled with red pepper. Turning to his aunt, he said, with much concern: "You'd better not eat any of that red pepper, Aunt Harriet, grandma says that red pepper kills ants."



ATHLETICS

Since the last issue of the MAGNET the boys' basket-ball team has had a slump. Their first bad defeat was the one by Fitchburg in that city on January 7, when they were defeated by the score of 33 to 7. On the following Saturday they were again defeated by the Worcester Boys' Club, 27 to 17. The boys, however, partly retrieved their defeats by winning their first home League game from Gardner High on January 21. The opportunity to win the basket-ball championship of the Wachusett League has not passed, although we have one defeat charged up to us. If every boy will only practice faithfully, there is no reason why we should not win the remaining League games. The boys did not show anywhere near their best form in their game with Fitchburg. Had they played as well as in their first two games, the result would have been very different.

Mr. Watson, our coach, was injured by having his eye glasses accidentally struck with the basket-ball, while two players were struggling for it. The ball broke his glasses and cut his eye. We are glad to announce that he has recovered from the injury which at first was feared might prove serious.

The standing for the Wachusett League is as follows:

	WON	LOST	STANDING
Fitchburg	2	0	1.00
Leominster	1	1	.50
Gardner	1	1	.50
Clinton	0	2	.00

The girls played their first game on January 14, winning from the Milford, (N. H.), girls' team by the score of 34 to 22. The girls did well to win this game, because this is their first year to play under girls' rules, while Milford has been playing under these rules for the past three years. Miss Lothrop scored six baskets from the floor, and four free tries. Miss Munsie got three baskets and two free tries, Miss Nicholson three baskets, and Miss Woodbury two.

The ninth grade and freshman boys played on the same day, the former winning by the score of 10 to 3.

The girls' team went to Milford on Saturday, Jan. 21. They lost a hard played game by the score of 13 to 11. Interest has since fallen off, and the team has dissolved partnership.

F. H. S. 33

L. H. S. 7

The boys were badly defeated by Fitchburg High on Saturday, Jan. 7. Amoitt, Phillips and Howard excelled for Fitchburg. For L. H. S., Crain, Suhlke and Tenney played the best.

W. B. C. 27

L. H. S. 17

On Saturday, Jan. 14, the boys met their second defeat of the season by the score of 27 to 17. The teams were nearly tied at the end of the first half, but in the second half, the Worcester boys won the game. O'Brien was the star for Worcester, getting four baskets from the floor. Tenney excelled for Leominster.

L. H. S. 44

G. H. S. 33

The first home League game was played on Jan. 21, with Gardner. Leominster won by the score of 44 to 33. At the end of the first half, the score was 27 to 8 in favor of Leominster, but Gardner came back strong in the second half, scoring often before the whistle blew for the end of the game. Crain, Little, and Merriman, excelled for Leominster, and Sawyer played a fine game for Gardner.

The second team also played a game with a team composed mostly of Fitchburg Y. M. C. A. players. The picked team won by the score of 12 to 6.

On Saturday, Jan. 28, the first team went to Ashburnham for a game with the second team of Cushing Academy. Although the game resulted in a defeat for our team, the boys gave a good account of themselves. The score of the game was 12 to 10, which is very close for a basket-ball game. Cushing sends out some very strong basket-ball teams, and the second team is not far behind the first.

The game was played in the afternoon to enable the local boys to get home in good season. Cushing did not expect to have much difficulty in defeating Leominster High, but they were disappointed. They had to go their hardest to win by the bare majority of one basket. Suhlke and Crain's defensive work was good, while the other players did their share of the playing. Mayo and Lee played well for Cushing, and Merriman and Suhlke got the points for Leominster.

On the same day, the second team went to Fitchburg for a game with the second team of that city. Our second team was badly defeated by the score of 70 to 12.

Exchanges

The Recorder (Central High School, Springfield) is one of our best exchanges. There is hardly a thing in the entire paper which calls for criticism. What a fine idea to have the scene from "The Passion Play" at Oberammergau as frontispiece! Hardly a one of us has not heard of it, and yet we scarcely realize its real beauty and meaning.

The Argus (Gardner, Mass.). Your literary department is well worked up. All the stories are fine, interesting, and well told, but they are very short. You also have some unusually good Alumni Notes.

The Review (Lowell, Mass.). Poor Mr. Stimpson certainly did have a hard time. We are waiting impatiently to find out the end of his mad-cap race. Your exchange column is good, but don't mix your jokes in with it. "There is a time and place for every thing."

Orange and Black (Marlborough). The departments in your school paper are all good, and constantly improving. However, we would suggest that the stories come first, together with the editorials. The School Notes, Exchange Column, Athletics, Alumni Notes, etc., will find a place better at the end of the paper.

Enfield Echo (Thompsonville, Conn.) has several bright, clever stories well worth the reading. Your cover design could be made much more attractive; you know that the outward appearances count for a lot.

The Advance tells us that the Salem High School is a well organized body. Everything attempted seems to be in the form of a club. This is not always very wise.

Other exchanges which have been received are *Tufts Weekly*, *College Signal*, (M. A. C.) and *The Middlebury Campus*.

AS WE APPEAR TO OTHERS.

MAGNET, (Leominster, Mass.) A model High School paper. Your stories are short, but interesting. We look in vain for a paper with literary contents and ads. more neatly arranged.—*Courant*, Bradford, Pa.

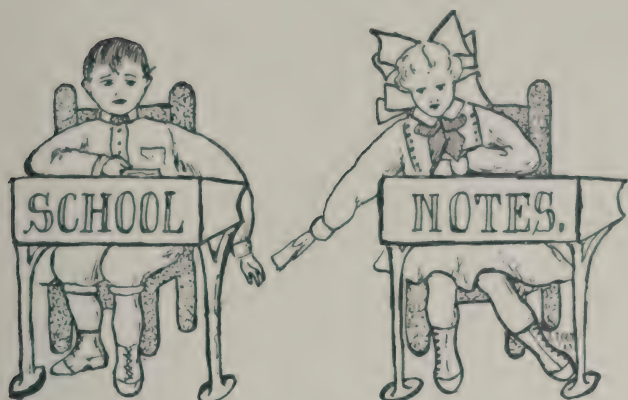
THE MAGNET has an editorial staff that should warrant a good paper: —*Arrow*, Stillwater, Minn.

The school spirit as shown in THE MAGNET is fine. Keep up your good record.—*Orange and Black*, Marlborough.

THE MAGNET is very neat.—*Review*, Lowell, Mass.

The Exchange Editor may use his pen
 'Till the ends of his fingers are sore;
 But some one is sure to remark with a sneer,
 "How stale! We've heard that before."

—*Ex.*



APPROPRIATE DIETS.

Salt	Freshmen
Capers	Sophomores
Dough	L. H. S. A. A.
Plane Food	Geometry Class
Gems	Selections from Milton
Olive (s)	Cleary '13
Dates	History Classes
Pretzels	(the kind that grow on
trees)	German Club
Roast	Lessons assigned over
	Vacation
Fowls (fouls)	Girls' B. B. Team.

Irving Littorin, formerly of Leominster, has returned from Worcester, and is now attending school in the ninth grade.

HEARD IN FRESHMAN LATIN.

Teacher: Now, can any one tell me how sinister happened to gain the meaning it has at present?

Pupil: The Romans thought that all omens coming from the left foretold some great evil.

Mr. K '14: How is it, then, that they call an old maid a sinister?

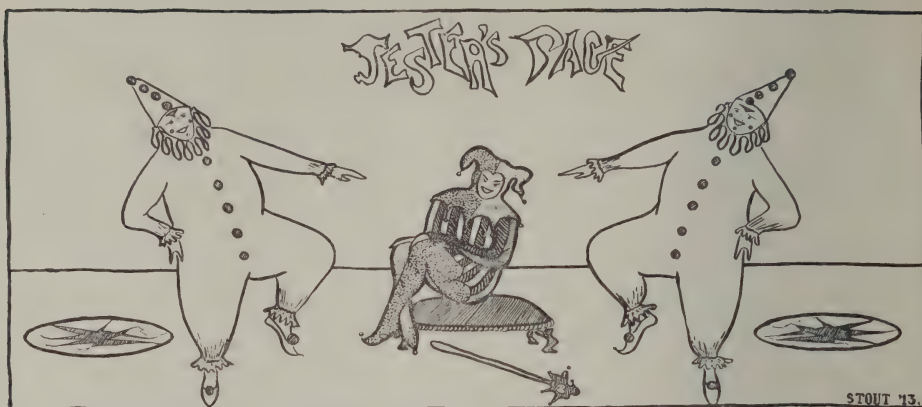
The class of 1915 are ahead for the Basket Ball trophy.

George W. Wriston, the Science teacher, left Feb. 1, for Oxford, to act as principal of the High School there. Mr. Wriston, beside his work in the science classes, has done a great deal for the school. His loss will certainly be felt by the Athletic Association, in which he held the office of secretary and treasurer. It was from him that we first obtained the idea of a High School fair, and through his unceasing work that the fair resulted in such an all-around success. He also had something to do with introducing our present system of dues. However, we expect his position of science teacher to be well filled by Mr. Walker, our former mathematics teacher, whose place, in turn, is taken by Rev. W. A. Sparks.

Div. I

SenIor
EnGlish
ClaSs

Helen Woodbury has been elected captain of the Girls' Basket Ball Team.



Mrs. Robinson: And were you up the Rhine?

Mrs. de Jones (just returned from a Continental trip): I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

A man in Ohio recently sought an expert in oil, because he believed that he had struck oil on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Evidently he had been in a great hurry and had grabbed the first bottle at hand; for, when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted, he sent the following telegraphic report. "Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."

"There's no danger," said the doctor. "It's only a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it."

Mrs. B.: Is she a Mary of the vine-clad cottage?

Mrs. M.: No, a Martha of the rubber-plant flat.

"Bobbie, have you been fighting again?"

"No ma'am; same old fight."

Prosecuting Attorney: Your honor the sheriff's bull-pup has gone and chawed up the court's Bible.

Fudge: Well, make the witness kiss the bull-pup, then. We can't adjourn court just to hunt up a new Bible.

Fate: Did you call?

Opportunity: Yes, but she sent word by her servant she wasn't in.

The Minister: In the next world, Tommy, the last shall be first.

Tommy: Say, won't I shine when the minister comes to supper at our house up there?

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"It fell," cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured."

Mrs. A.: Didn't her constant singing in the flat annoy you?

Mrs. B.: Not so much as the constant flat in her singing.

"Everything comes to him who waits," mused the man in a restaurant; "but it comes cold."

BEFORE YOU DECIDE

who is to fill that position in your store or office, give us a chance to recommend one of our students.

Mr. Frank P. Bell, formerly principal of Dawson's Business College, is now at the head of our Commercial Department, and he and two other teachers give their whole time to teaching the strictly Commercial subjects.

When in need of a Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Clerk, or help of any kind, apply to the

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think of

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Class of 1911

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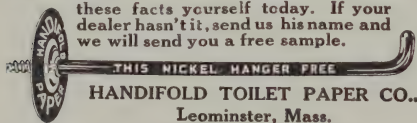
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PACKAGES
25¢**

COMPARE! From your present rolls or sheets can you withdraw the amount required? Don't you get MORE than you require USUALLY? Some bother to *pick it off* especially if dark. It's a LOSS of material and time.

NOW Try "HANDIFOLD." See how one (no more) doubled sheet is automatically delivered. No effort—just as easy if pitch dark.

THEN "HANDIFOLD" costs less and lasts longer than rolls or sheets because none is wasted. "HANDIFOLD" is a soft, pure tissue—guaranteed.

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35 & 50 cents each. Call.

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SHAPLEY BROS.

"Where Fashion Reigns"

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The Discus Thrower

THE MAGNET

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CLARENCE SPILLER, '11, Assistant Managing Editor.

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Nellie Pierson, '11 }
Nellie Lothrop, '11 } Subscription Editors
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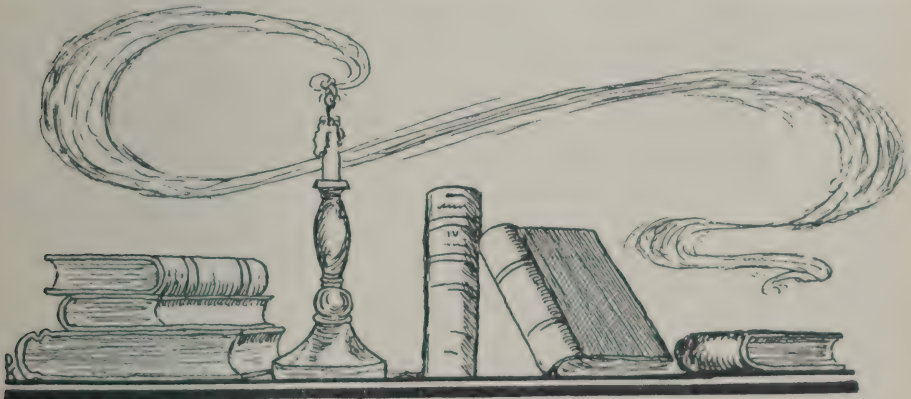
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Ruth Burnap, '15.
Myrtle Farrar, 14.

Mina Stout, '13.
Milton Prue, '14.

Marion Kirkpatrick, '14.
Brownlee Gauld, '15.
Arthur Chandler, '15.
Olga Lawrence, '13.

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EDITORIALS

GOOD-MORNING, Mr. High School Building. You look quite dapper this morning. How has vacation used you? Ah! I see. There's no need to ask. You have lost a little, I should say,—a little in formidableness. That scowl you wore when I saw you last has disappeared. What happened to it? Lost, strayed, or stolen? I have not detected a person who seems to have stolen it. And, come to think of it, I looked all the way up here for a pair of sneakers I lost last week and didn't catch a glimpse of that

scowl, to say nothing of the remarks. Well, if it isn't lost, and isn't stolen, then it must be strayed. Oh, no! I have it (the solution, not the scowl). It wore out during vacation, just dropped right out of existence. Very good place for scowls. Wise scowl, you had, yes, a wise scowl. It ought to teach a lesson to several hundred pupils who come to see you every day for that very purpose. Well, it's now 1.15, and I'll really have to say "good-bye" until tomorrow.

✱

WHICH is mightier, pen or brush? The beautiful works of art, like the beautiful works of literature, live on through centuries. Both are imperishable creations. Those that live longest are those truest to life. It is these, the best of their kind, that we will consider.

All that a painting contains is clearly, distinctly outlined before you. There is no hazy background to be filled in by the imagination, no cracks and crannies to push through into the past or future except in as much as they act on the present. We may detect, by the drooping shoulders of an old man, past labors and sorrows, or on the uplifted face of a maiden, some marvelous expectancy. That is all.

But in every writing, there is something left to the reader. Him the author permits to perfect the characters he himself has but sketched in. Furthermore the writer is not limited to one action. He may trace innumerable changes. By this very power the pen can do what the brush cannot, and that is portray character development.

Pictures may inspire men with awe, or move them to tears, but looking back through the past ages we do not see art inciting men to revolution, quieting them again to peace, raising their minds to a loftier realm of thought, spurring them on to higher ideals. No. Yet books do all this.

Even had art this power to incite and impel, it could not accomplish what literature has. For books find their way even into the poorest homes. They touch the heart of mob and aristocracy alike, while the beautiful paintings of the great masters remain in the homes of the rich, or museums, where the poor seldom enter.

✱

LAST month, by the death of Miss Lillian M. Gurney, a member of the Senior class, the school lost a dear friend. She was exceptionally well beloved by both teachers and pupils, and few would be missed more.

Integer Vitae

(Horace; Odes, Book I., XXII.)

BY JOHN R. MILLER, '09.

The man who sinless is and pure of heart
Need not himself equip with Moorish dart,
Nor neither hath he need of hunter's art,
O Fuscus mine,

Though he through deserts wild pursue his way
Or lonely o'er Caucasian mountains stray
Or near Hydaspes-lappèd places stay
A while to rest.

For when one day I wandered, fancy-led,
And sang of my sweet love, a wolf ill-fed
That trod the Sabine forest turned and fled
From me unarmed.

Such portents not the fierce Apulian land
Supports e'en where its oaky woods expand
Not ever such are found on Juban sand,
The nurse of lions.

Though on a hot and barren waste I fare
And long for spreading trees to cool the air
Or though I go through misty climates where
The skies look dire,

Though underneath the too near sun I be
Or in a land from dwellings wholly free,
I'll sing to sweetly speaking, smiling thee
O Lalage.

The Experience of a Young Fireman

BY CLARENCE SPILLER, '11.

PHIL DENNIS, a young fireman at the paper-mill of George Starker & Co., stepped to the time register and "rang in" just as the day fireman "rang out."

"The chief wants the boiler ready for inspection at seven o'clock," he informed Phil.

"All right, George," the latter replied, starting toward the engine room to change his clothes.

The time dragged slowly, but twelve o'clock was sure to come. Phil pulled the fire out of the boiler, and then waited some time for it to cool off. He blew the water out, and then opened the fire-box and draft doors. Two hours later, Phil tied a cloth about his head and shoulders, strapped his sleeves tight about his wrists, and started for the chamber in the back of the boiler. Empty wooden boxes had been piled before the door, but he soon cleared a path by throwing them back upon others. He opened the door, and exposed a thick layer of soot and ashes. Phil shoveled these into a barrel and prepared to enter. He crawled upon his hands and knees into that small hot room. It was, however, high enough so that he could stand quite straight. The soot was light and feathery, and filled the air with dust particles. As the walls were covered quite thickly, sometimes he had to go over the same spot twice. Now the heat began to grow intense, and he would soon have to go out into the fresh air.

Crash! bang! and then the chamber door closed with a knock. Phil finished cleaning the walls, and then started to open the door. It opened hard for about an inch, and then it came into Phil's head that a box had fallen down between the door and the pile of boxes. The heat was becoming unbearable, and Phil realized that he couldn't stand it much longer. He threw off his extra clothes, and sank down to the floor. Bracing his back against the wall, and his feet against the door, he exerted all his strength, but the door refused to open. He tried it again. The box squeaked, but would not give way. Could he not escape through the fire-box? No, the grates were too hot. The only chance of escape was through the chamber door.

He commenced to be thoroughly alarmed now, and began pounding and stamping upon the door with his feet. It opened a little. The crack was just too small to allow his hand to pass through. He gave one more violent push, and fell back exhausted. His hand fell to the bottom of the door, and rested upon something. It was an iron rod. He got a good grip on it, and after giving the box several short, sharp, knocks, he was able to open the door enough to crawl out.

Trust

BY BERNICE L. PROUTY, '11

Although our loved ones leave us,
They do not go in vain—
They rise to heights above us
Free from all mortal pain.

And often in the darkness
We feel their presence near;
God will not leave us hopeless,
He knows our earthly fear.

And so, though hearts are broken,
We feel his constant love
And say, "I'll always trust Him,
For Christ still dwells above."

The College Race

BY PAUL G. RYAN, '13.

AT the crack of the pistol three skaters glide over the smooth surface of the long frozen river each trying to make a new record in the annual college race. The man with the large, crimson sweater who is in the lead, represents Harvard. The man who is about a yard behind, clad in the blue sweater, represents Yale, and the last man clad in the purple sweater, represents Holy Cross. He is the first athlete who ever represented Holy Cross in this line of sport, for this sport is not very popular among many of the colleges. And although he was not a veteran skater, he could skate fairly well.

Nagle, which was the name of the Holy Cross athlete, knew that the ice was very thin at the end of the half mile, where the river bent. After this point the ice was smooth and clear for the rest of the mile. Sometimes the ice was safe at the bend, and at other times it was treacherous. Nagle wondered if his rivals knew this. But hardly had he dwelt a moment on this thought when he heard a loud cry for help. Nagle made a desperate spurt and after a few seconds rounded the dangerous bend. But to his dismay he saw nothing but a large, broken space of ice. He looked at the space

carefully to see if he could catch sight of some sign of the unfortunate racer. But it was in vain. He listened intently, but without reward. He glanced down the smooth, glare ice and could barely distinguish the man with the red sweater. As he was thinking whether he would go on or not, he heard a slight noise, and looking quickly towards the broken ice, beheld the form of a man's head. In an instant he was lying flat on the ice and pushing himself towards the open hole by digging the points of his skates into the hard ice. At last he approached the broken space, but to his great disappointment the dark head not only disappeared, but the ice was cracking all around him. He uttered another cry for help.

The head appeared once more above the dark water. Thoughtless of his own peril he made a desperate grab at the drowning man. And he was rewarded with success this time, for he had caught him not a moment too soon. He uttered another cry for help, and could hear faint answering cries in the distance. But the ice unable to hold the two men any longer, with a deafening roar cracked and broke into fragments, and he was floating in the icy water. He tried to keep himself and the unconscious man afloat by kicking desperately. His wet clothing and heavy skates pulled him downward. The other man seemed as lifeless as a log. He uttered a faint cry for help and although the men were coming nearer and were shouting encouraging cries, he could only hear faint far off answers. The icy water took his breath away. It roared like a hundred falls in his ears. The cold clammy hands of death and darkness were fast claiming him as a victim. But some how or other he did not care now. He felt as though he would like to die. What was the use of living? He had lost the race, although it was not his fault, and he would be ashamed to face his college and say that he had lost—but still why did he feel so different now. He had forgotten just what he was thinking of. He seemed to ache terribly. He awoke suddenly and found himself lying in a small soft bed with three men leaning over him. Now he remembered all and asked if the man from Harvard was living. The doctors answered in the affirmative, but said that he had been very near death. They also told him that the race had been awarded to him, as the contestant, on account of the accident, refused to accept the prize.

After a week or two Nagle arrived at the college. Nearly all the student-body was present and carried him around the campus on their shoulders, for he had not only won the race, but also had shown great bravery and courage.

Teddy

BY LILLIAN M. GURNEY, '11.

TEDDY was born on September tenth, 1910, in an old barn on Church Street. He wore a black coat with a white vest and white gloves and shoes. As a little kitten he was very playful. He had a great habit of playing with my feet. He would start to bite my shoe. Then he would keep biting higher and higher, and when he got to the top of the shoe, he would give one good bite and then run.

As he grew older, he became quite accomplished. When I played the piano, I always took Teddy up in my lap and would let him play a little tune by pressing his paws on different keys. He was quite a frequent visitor of the lady upstairs, and one day she heard the piano and thought probably Teddy was walking on it. She went immediately to look after him. There he was, sitting on the stool, pressing first one note and then another with his paws. This was how our Teddy happened to be such an accomplished pianist.

The 100-Yard Dash

BY CLYDE C. CLEVERLEY, '15.

ON both sides of the campus were large grandstands. The stands on one side were decked with the "orange and black" of Sudbury and the ones on the other side were trimmed with the "green and white" of Greenwood College. Both stands were filled with students of the two colleges who were cheering most of the time. There were also a few parents of the contestants.

It was a fine day in May, and the two colleges were having a track-meet. Up to now the two had the same score, 23 to 23. The last event of the meet was the "hundred-yard dash," and it looked as if this would decide the winning college. It was found after the "shot put" that it would be the deciding event. In about ten minutes the dash would be called.

Out in one corner of the campus could be seen the dressing quarters of the Sudbury track team. They were just rubbing down the man who was picked for third place. His name was Dick; that was what they called him at college for short, and he came from Vermont.

The trainer came running in very excitedly and told that Jim Haynes, the fellow picked for first place, had just sprained his ankle when a man

tripped him. The fellow who had done this mean trick they rode off the grounds on a rail, not very carefully either.

"How do you feel?" said the trainer, turning to Dick.

"I never felt better in my life," he replied.

"Alright, Joe," said the trainer to the rubber. "Give him a good rub-down with alcohol." Then he added, "Dick, you have got to win today; it is our only hope. Keep a going, old chap, if you do your best, I think you'll win."

"I will try."

"You mean you will do more than try," said the trainer coldly. "Now go and do your best."

When Dick appeared on the field, a groan fell over the grand-stands of the "orange and black." This made him more determined than ever. Then word came for the runners to line up. Two minutes later the pistol shot rang out, and they were off. Dick made a poor start, and the others got in the lead. Another groan escaped from the stands, and then Dick remembered the trainer's words, which inspired him, and he kept on hardly knowing what he was doing, when he heard his own college cheer. Rah! Rah! Rah! Dick!

He knew now that he was gaining. A moment more and he found himself two yards in the lead. Then suddenly he felt the cotton string break against his chin, and he knew that he had won. He had saved the day for Sudbury, and was carried to the dressing quarters on the shoulders of two strong students.

When Dick got there he saw the trainer.

"I am proud of you 'fella,' " he said, "you did as well as Jim Haynes could have done. I didn't think when you started out that you would make it."

When Dick got out of his togs and into his own suit he met his parents who gave him their congratulations.

That night the college had a large bonfire in which everybody was happy over the day's attractions. They wanted Dick to make a speech, but he stoutly refused.

Heard at the Aviation Meet

THE other day I happened to be at an aviation meet and heard, between two men, who seemed to be out for a good time, a conversation that went something like this:

"Hello Bill! Come to see the flights?"

"Sure thing, John, I'm just flighty about flights. Why, do you know, the other day I took a flight."

"Is that so? Where'd' you go?"

"Down the back stairs. Foot slipped, took the whole flight at once. I know I had the altitude record beaten a mile, and to think I didn't have my instruments with me."

"Now, be serious, Bill, did you ever stop to think how many years people have been trying to solve the problem of aerial navigation, how many machines have been built, and how many lives lost, and they have just struck the right idea? I wonder what the reason is that it wasn't discovered years ago?"

"Well, John, I'll tell you the reason; the right men weren't to be had, and it took the 'Wright-men' to solve the problem."

"I suppose that was the reason. Don't these aviators have the close shaves, though, up in the air?"

"Yes, indeed; they're regular sky-scrappers. By the way, Bill, have you heard of that new bread? It really rivals the English muffin."

"No, what is it?"

"It's a combination bread, and they call it Graham-White."

"Well, now, that's clever. Lots of clever things happening now-a-days. I hear a man named Wise wants to simplify the present aeronautical terms. Among other things he wants to call an aviation meet, 'a fly.' How do you think that would go?"

"Go better, John, and be more appropriate if he added 'bee' on the end and called it a flying bee.'

"Why! How's that?"

"Well, because most every one who tries to take 'a fly' ends up by getting 'stung'."

Just then the meet began, and the conversation ended.

Lost—A Webster Dictionary. Finder please return to Room 16.

Lost—My place. Finder please notify Miss Kivlan, '11.

Wanted—A comprehensible, but invisible and inaudible code of communication.

Wanted—An afternoon session by—no one.

Wanted—Outside help free of charge in all subjects.

To Rent—3 yards of bright, red, satin ribbon. For further particulars apply to Houde, '13. Recommendations given by Sullivan, '11.

Wanted—A special course in note writing by Little, '11.

(Editor's Note—You might apply to Mr. Bell.)

Where did Miss Skinner '11, find her Rosy?

Teacher: Is there any particular president who seems to you more important than the rest, Miss Shapley?

Miss Shapley hesitates to state her opinion.

Pupil behind her (in a stage whisper): "How about the president of L. H. S. '11?"

Rugs and Rags

BY DAVID E. SULLIVAN, '11

The wage-slave goes each night to his den,
With wretched rags and fires
The rich man laying down his pen
To his rich rugs retires.

And as one leaves his cheerless home
At dawn's first flash of light,
The other rests in luxury,
Where all is spotless white.

And as the poor unfortunate
Perforce the bread-line joins,
The other sits and sees his plate
Filled up with high-priced loins.

Oh, why is it, can some one tell,
That fate should thus decree
That one controls another's bread,
In this land of the free?

Oh, tell me why in foreign lands,
Bold monarchs hold their sway,
And with their grasping iron hands,
Their helpless subjects flay?

Oh, why so much corruption,
And why these bribes and graft,
Can something helpful not be done
In the oppressed's behalf?

Thus as time sets another spoke
In evolution's wheel,
We see the much oppressed wage-slave
A martyr to his zeal.

But in the half-inserted spoke,
The laborer discerns
The riddance of this heavy yoke
For which so much he yearns.

He sees how knowledge can produce
Ideal nations free,
How it may equally reduce
Each's opportunity.

All join the onward struggle then,
Let banners be unfurled,
For "Freedom" is the cry of men,
And "Reason" rules the world.



ATHLETICS

The track and baseball candidates have been called out, and they are practicing in the gymnasium under the direction of Coach Watson.

The Interscholastic track meet is to be held in Fitchburg, Saturday afternoon, June 3d, under the auspices of Leominster High. This athletic event which is the only one of its kind held in North Worcester County, should be a great financial success. There is sure to be some close competition at this meet, and any person who attends the games will see some real running. The rivalry between the four schools represented in the League is intense, especially in these events, and Gardner which has been poorly represented in former years promises to send down a good sized squad.



The baseball season will probably open on April 19th. The team is to play two games a week. The schedule will include all the neighboring high schools. The second team will also play two games a week, playing away from town when the first team is playing in town, and vice versa.



The basket-ball season is rapidly drawing to a close. The season has been a fairly successful one, but the team did not win the championship of the Wachusett League as we had hoped. However, the Fitchburg game is yet to be played in this town, and it will be very pleasing to the team and its supporters if they can take a fall out of the Fitchburg team. The first game was a walk over for Fitchburg, but our team did not show its full strength. The teams in the League will probably finish in the following order: Fitchburg, Leominster, Gardner, Clinton.



The interclass basket-ball games have started, and are being played in the gymnasium on afternoons. Each class has good material for its team if it will only show enough spirit by coming out and helping its own class win the championship.

L. H. S. 26

C. H. S. 11

The first basket-ball team went to Clinton on Saturday, Feb. 4th, for a game with the first team of that high school. The game resulted in a victory for our school by the score of 26 to 11.

The first half ended with Clinton in the lead, but L. H. S. came back strong in the last half, piling up 17 points while Clinton got but 2.

Suhlke, Merriman and Letters excelled for Leominster, and Philbin played best for Clinton.

L. H. S. 57

C. H. S. 7

On the following Saturday, Feb. 11th, Clinton High came to Leominster for a return League game with our team. From the beginning it could be seen that there was no hope for Clinton. The best that the down-the-line boys could do was to score 7 points while L. H. S. piled up 57. All of the local boys had a hand in the slaughter.

Merriman, Little and Crain, played well for Leominster, while Johnson played the best for Clinton.

L. H. S. 11

G. H. S. 22

Leominster High went to Gardner on Friday, Feb. 17th, for a League game with the high school of that town. All hope of winning the Wachusett League championship vanished with the defeat of the local team by the score of 22 to 11.

The passing and shooting of the Gardner team was superior to that of L. H. S. This, coupled with their better knowledge of the floor, won the game for them, and lost the championship for Leominster.

Sawyer was the star of the game, shooting five baskets from the floor. Ryan also played well for Gardner. For L. H. S., Suhlke played the best getting nine of the eleven points.

L. H. S. 61

M. H. S. 7

The Milford, New Hampshire, High School basket-ball team came here for a game with L. H. S. on Saturday afternoon, March 4th. The local boys expected a hard game. L. H. S. was agreeably surprised, however, when another victory was added by the score of 61 to 7.

The game was easy for Leominster, and only in the first few minutes did Milford put up any kind of a game. The local boys scored almost at will. Merriman made a record for L. H. S. in the number of baskets. He caged 13. Suhlke and Little each got 6. Letters and Crain, the backs, also figured in the scoring besides doing some close covering. Sullivan excelled for Milford.

Between the halves, and after the big game, the second team of Fitchburg High played our second team. The local boys won by the score of 20 to 10.

Alumni Notes

Where is '06?

BY HAROLD BURDETT, '06.

FIVE years have passed since '06 toiled over the musty books, gleaning bits of wisdom here and there. Five interesting years! Certainly most interesting for some of us, and what a wealth of experience has been ours! But where are all the familiar faces that used to peep cautiously around the corner of Room 3 door to see who sat in the Seat of the Mighty? Let us turn on the light.

Several of our rising young business men in town we find have come from '06 ranks. Here is Bernard D. Bosworth a successful grain merchant, having pursued a course of study in Bowdoin. Thomas C. Howe and Harold W. Burdett having studied at W. P. L., are in local comb and celluloid manufacturing concerns. Percy F. Kittredge is with the H. P. Blodgett Co. Frank N. Foster we find wielding a busy pen in the Iver Johnson office in Fitchburg. Clifton Hadley at the New England Conservatory, is achieving success as an organist of some note, while over there in Worcester in the shadow of Holy Cross tower, we find our friend Leo Foster delving in the mysteries of Psychology. He graduates in June. Arthur M. Raymond is busy at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, and Ralph Goodale has graduated from a course in Civil Engineering at R. I. State College. Away across the continent in Sunnyside, Washington, Leonard F. Burrage, Jr., is applying his profession of civil engineer in the Reclamation Service. Howard Gibbs, we are told, is in pursuit of a doctor's degree at Mt. Gill University.

We deeply regret recording the death of two of our number, Alice Frances Hayes, and Mrs. Frances Elinor Nutter (nee Earl). Their loss is keenly felt by the class.

Several of our classmates are happily married, and several others are happily engaged—in teaching school—most of them here in town. Florence E. Garland has attained a lofty position in the telephone system, having been a very successful "Information, please." Ruth B. Railey graduates from Mt. Holyoke in June. Mae Cole has been in hospital work in New York State for several years and is a very capable nurse. Edith M. Shaw is in the Post office service in Webster, Mass., and the rest of the class can be found living happily at home busy in their own way, in society perhaps, and all unmindful of what a large area is covered by our classmates.

Exchanges

The Jabberwock (Girls' Latin School, Boston). Everything in your paper is especially good. Not only is room found for the usual stories, but several exceptionally good poems are inserted. Couldn't you get a little more attractive cover for such good material?

The Review (Lowell High School). Not only are your stories good, but they are long and interesting. The idea of running a continued story, is an excellent one. May those who participate in the finishing of "A Chat-ham Coward" come out with great success and flying colors!

The Echo (Kenton High School, Ohio). Your latest number consists mostly of School Notes and Jokes. A few of these are fine, but don't let them crowd out some of the stories which you surely are capable of writing. Past numbers tell us that!

Welcome to *The Mirror* (Phillips, Andover)! A new paper is always welcome on our list of exchanges, especially when it is such a good one as this proves to be. However, although everything which appears is well treated, the place which should be taken by School Notes and Alumni Notes, also Athletics, seems to be left vacant.

The Radiator (Somerville High School). The Latin and English High School surely deserve great praise for the paper they publish by their combined efforts. Everything seems to be bright and up-to-date. Never have we seen such an original and unique way of giving the exchanges as here. They are given in the form of a story, a bright one, too.

The Recorder (Winchester High School). You also have started a continued story. It's a good idea and surely should arouse interest. Continue in your good work.

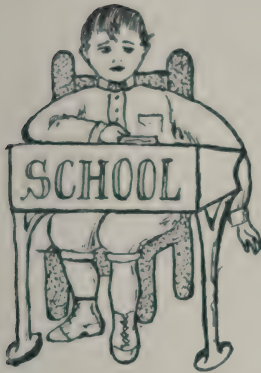
The Courant (Bradford, Penn.), is another fine paper. Your exchange column however, should consist of more than a list of names. We desire to be criticised through this column. It is for our own good and advancement.

Tvft's Weekly and the *Grotarian* have also been received.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We are glad to see so many short stories in the MAGNET, Leominster High School, but we miss the Alumni column.—*Jabberwock*, (Girls' Latin School, Boston).

THE MAGNET is printed on a good quality of paper, and the cover design is very neat. But why not make it livelier by a few more jokes??—*The Recorder*, Winchester High School.



FRENCH CLASS.

Ryan (translating) "Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas crevé les yeux de la jeune fille?" by "Why did you not keep your eyes on that young girl?"

Teacher: Miss Commisky.

Miss Munsie starts to recite.

Teacher: What! Miss Munsie, have you changed your name?

Miss Munsie: Not yet.



ENGLISH CLASS.

Miss B. (dictating): First he got an ash bough and bent it to a hoop.

Mr. Green '12, (writing on the board: First he got an ash-barrel and bent it to a hoop.

Miss B.: And then he got a match.

Mr. C.: The balloon was laying on the ground.

Puzzle: What was it laying?



LATIN CLASS.

Teacher: What verb does gesser-unt come from?

Mr. M. Guess-so.

Helen R. '12: Marte esse multandos, they ought to be killed by death.



HISTORY CLASS.

Miss Grant: I can remember two things that happened in 330 B. C.

Person '12: The stones used in the Roman streets are still living now.

Teacher, (reading a topical outline): G. Agrarian proposal of Spurius Cassius.

Pupil: Will you please read that again?

Teacher: Agrarian proposal of Spurius Cassius. (Gee!)



Miss O'Neil: No reports may be made up except in case of illness or death. Then they may be, and full credit will be given.



First Senior: Is Miss Rahm dealing in stocks?

Second Senior: I don't know. Why?

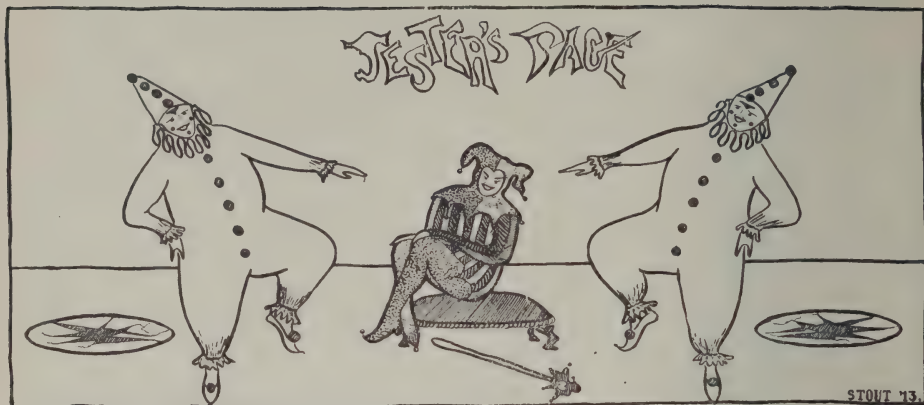
First Senior: I heard she had a corner on Hay (nes).



Pupil: Brazil is a country in northern Africa.

Teacher: No, indeed. Can you tell me where Brazil is, Mr. L—?

Mr. L.: Why, in Room 16, I think.



Fair Critic: Oh, Mr. Smear, those ostriches over there are simply perfect! You should never paint anything else but birds.

Artist (sadly): Those are not ostriches, Madam. They are angels!

Gyer: They tell me Sharp is engaged in a shady business.

Myer: You don't say!

Gyer: Yes. He's putting up awnings.

Judge: It seems to me I've seen you before.

Prisoner: You have, judge. I gave your daughter singing lessons.

Judge: Twenty years.

"What an awful cold your husband has! He coughs and sneezes all the time."

"He does, but it amuses the baby splendidly."

"Sammy," said his mean uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?"

"I think," replied Sammy "that I should feel a little faint at first, but I'd try and get over it.

Mistress (proudly): My husband, Bridget, is a colonel in the militia.

Bridget: I thought as much, ma'am. Sure, it's the foine malicious look he has, ma'am.

She: But, George, you could never support two.

He: Well, I'm only looking for one.

"How often does your road kill a man?" asked a facetious traveling salesman of a Central Branch conductor the other day.

"Just once," replied the conductor.

Priscilla had just told John Alden to speak for himself,

"I shall do it for you after we are married," she added.

Herewith he hastened to seize the last chance.

"That's Mars," he said, as to the maid,

He pointed out the stars;

"Indeed?" she innocently purred,

"Now tell me which is Pa's?"

Customer: Are those eggs fresh?

New Grocer's Clerk: Can't say, miss. This is my first week here.

SOME OF OUR GRADUATES

will be looking for jobs about the 30th day of next June.

CAN YOU EMPLOY ANY OF THEM?

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3
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Coach Watson	Capt. Merriman	Mgr Brazil	
Spiller		Garland	



Basket Ball—Second Team—1910-1911

Mulcahy	Kloss	Gaffney	Barrett
Coach Watson	Capt. Sanders	Mgr Brazil	

THE MAGNET

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No. 7

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Nellie Pierson, '11 }
Nellie Lothrop, '11 } Subscription Editors
William Jenna, '12 }

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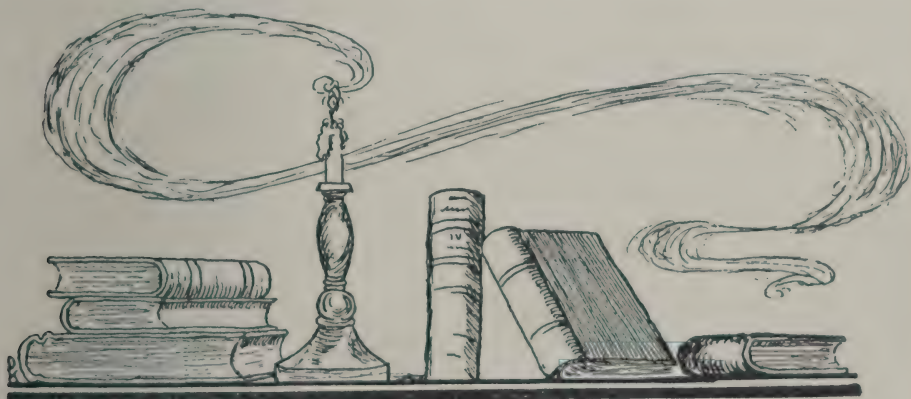
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Mina Stout, '13.
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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
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EDITORIALS

SOON the report cards for the third quarter will be out, and so will that question, "Did you pass?" very often accompanied by the answer, "No I flunked in Latin," or it may be Geometry or English.

So you flunked. What does flunk mean? It means to back out. The lessons were too hard, too long, too dry, and you "backed out." Rather than triumph over an exceptionally hard lesson, or lessons, you turned a coward and deserted the rest of your class. A deserter, when caught, is court-marshalled and sentenced. And

so may you see deserters many an afternoon "serving time." His comrades, however, have won the battle and are scaling the heights of education, leaving him at the foot of the mountain in danger of the enemy, and being taken for a spy.

Is education a mountain? It is to some people, and to others, only a hill. Some learn easily, some with difficulty, and still others have not the ambition to learn, because they would have to exert themselves to much. Isn't it their lack of vitality? They turn a coward rather than face a little work which is for their own future welfare and prosperity.

When you used flunk, you meant it in the sense of fail. It does mean that, but if you had worked harder and not "backed out," you would not have had to say you flunked.



WAKE up and hear the bell ring. Yes, I didn't say the birds sing, but the bell which is tolling off the three-quarters hours of our life. You have slept so long that Spring is here, and you've got to stay in doors and study hard, in order to make up what you have missed, and barely pass for the year. It may be a lesson to you. If it isn't, the next time this drowsiness comes over you, you had better plan to work during the first three-quarters and rest the last. In that case wind Spring up so it will wake you when it Fall(s) in order to start right the next year.

SPILLER, '11.



A LAZY man loping easily along a level road came to a hill. The following was his succession of thought :

"What a hill ! It looks too much like work. I guess I will stop here. No, my wife and children are over the other side. I must go on. Is it, in any way possible, to avoid it? O, yes, by that long, round-a-bout swamp road. But that is so far. Well, anything is better than climbing it."

So the lazy man started out by the long, round-a-bout swamp road. Five minutes later, a brisk, business-like man arrived at the same spot. He did not give the hill a thought, but ascended rap-

idly. Finally, reaching the summit, he looked down to the left, and saw in the distance a tiny figure, which resembled his neighbor Higgins, with difficulty lifting the extremities of his lower appendages from the mire.

So it is the world around. The man, who falls not before each obstacle, who neither seeks to avoid nor by hesitation increase, but with determination assails, will stand on the brow of the hill to see his lazy neighbor dragging his feet through the mire. Therefore, when something has to be done, do it.

M. EARL.

A Quiet Hour

BY NELLIE L. LOTHROP, '11.

Bright is the firelight glow!
Bright is the firelight glow!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
I spend as by the firelight now.

There's nought but books on every hand,
Of all the kinds and classes ;
But what care I for fleeting time,
And every hour that passes ?

The studious grinds must "Math." pursue,
With "Science" hanging o'er them;
And when at last they conquer them,
I hope they may enjoy them.

But give to me a book to read,
A theme to copy, never!
And Latin prose and English notes
From me are gone forever!

For you, so gay, you smile at this;
Vain pleasures you are needing;
The wisest men the world has known
Have fondly cherished reading.

Bright is the firelight glow!
Bright is the firelight glow!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
I spend as by the fireside now.

She Laughs Who Win

BY BONA SMITH, 'II.

GREAT excitement prevailed at the Morton stables as this was the day of the famous running race between the Morton and Sumner horses.

Two days before, Rosemont, the famous mare belonging to Mr. Morton's daughter and to be ridden by her, was put out in a nearby field to cool off after hard exercise on the course. In the evening, when the stable boy went after her, she was nowhere to be found. The pasture bars indicated that she had not left without help from outside, so the search began in earnest about the surrounding country and lasted to the day of the race. Then Mr. Morton gave it up and said possibly he could win from Sumner with one of the others, but it was doubtful.

Equal excitement prevailed at the Sumner stables for that morning Mr. Sumner had led a fine looking mare into the stable yard and with a warning look said to the stableboys, "Don't mention I've got her, We'll surprise 'em. The little fellows all wanted to try riding her to see which one should have the honor of riding her in her first race on the Eutopia track; so Mr. Sumner consented. Midge as he called her would start up all right, then stopping suddenly, deposit her rider on the track as her western sisters were in the habit of doing.

While Sumner was deciding how he should manage for a rider a boy about sixteen years came around the corner of the stable and looking out from under his cap asked "Want some one ter ride thet mare thar?" Sumner laughed, a kind of a laugh that said "You can't do it," but consented to the new rider trying his luck.

He leaped on her back with more than ordinary agility, leaned up to the mare's head, spoke a word to her, and around the training track they sped. When they returned Sumner said, "Well, kid ride her that way against old Morton's thoroughbreds this afternoon and you'll get payed well for it. The "kid" consented.

The horses were lined up and ready to start. Among them was a bright bay mare with black points and a clipped mane and docked tail. Her rider seemed excited and not accustomed to a short, silk riding suit, but Sumner's "new one," as the men spoke of her, seemed right at home on the Eutopia track.

Morton looked at his horses, gave an encouraging word to the small riders, and walked back to the grandstand, regretting the loss of Rosemont, more than ever.

At the signal off they started. It was a good start, and they were not called back. On, on, they went, neck to neck, then Morton gave a groan Sumner's "new one" shot past the others, under the wire ahead, winning the cup from the Morton stables.

Then he saw the excited crowd rush from their places up to the winner, and he followed. Some one called "Where's Morton?" He answered "Here," and wedged his way into the crowd. There was his own jockey, rubbing Sumner's winners legs and "What, who is the rider?" he exclaimed. "Me, dad," answered the supposed boy, and he recognized his daughter, and his jockey, with soap and water, rubbing and scrubbing to make the mare appear like Rosemont. When the last limb was washed, and her forehead also wiped off, he saw the famous Rosemont, standing in the midst of a cheering crowd, and after a few instructions to the jockey, his daughter led him away to explain.

Mr. Morton's daughter, having gone out to help find Rosemont, had decided to wear some of the clothes worn by their jockeys, and look around the stables to find trace of the winner if possible. Coming around the corner of Sumner's stable she saw Mr. Sumner showing up a horse which resembled Rosemont, but had black points, and no star. Going up to her, she spoke, and the mare recognized her. While jogging around the yard the girl had heard a jockey say, "Well, put enough black on;" and she discovered what had happened.

After she had ridden awhile before the race she saw a jockey of her father's stable, and, as she was riding by him said: "Have some soap and water at the wire as I come in winner;" and he did. Thus, the plan of Sumner to win, then sell the mare immediately fell through, and Rosemont again saved the day.

Preparation for a Formal Ball

BY ROBERT H. GRIFFIN, '11.

DURING my freshman year in Harvard, my room-mate and I were invited to attend a very formal ball at a private school. My room-mate had lived in the city all his life and was well posted on the requirements for such an affair, but I was rather blunt on the proper outfit to wear.

I must first find a dress suit. I went around to all my friends in college who were my size, and at last found one. I tried it on, and it fitted finely, (so Jack who was my room-mate, said).

"Well, you ought to know," said I, "what's next? I suppose I have got to wear one of those old clapboarded shirts tied around me.

"Yes," said Jack, "but you won't mind the shirt after you have the whole suit on."

Jack had an extra bosom shirt; so I put it on. It was pretty tight, but Jack said it would go all right.

By the way, Jack, "are you sure that the dance is to night?"

"Certainly. Didn't I get a letter a week ago from Ruth saying she was going to have her New York friend here for the dance Friday, and she wanted you to come? She's a dandy girl, Frank."

"Well, let's get ready, or we'll never get started. Now, I must have a collar, one of those kind which come together under your chin and pinch you every time you move, like a stick with a nail in the end to punch elephants when they get lazy."

I got a collar which was evidently too small, and very hard to button around my neck. I got one side buttoned, but the other refused to meet it without some coaxing. I took another long breath and tried again. I had it almost buttoned when my finger slipped and cut on the edge of the collar, and the blood ran down over the shirt front.

"It's all off with me, Jack," I said. "You will have to tell your New York friend I was taken ill with hyponatic disease, or something of that sort."

"Don't give up now, Frank. It's too late. We simply have got to make the best of it. There is a first to everything; so put on this shirt that I borrowed the other day, and we will make good."

But I couldn't see it that way. I didn't wish to go there and make a fool of myself. I knew if some beautiful flamingo should drop her kerchief in front of me, I either couldn't bend over, or I would break a button getting to it. But Jack finally coaxed me to go. After several trials and tribulations we succeeded in getting started. We reached our destination but a few minutes late. We called at the main entrance and asked the servant to take our card to Miss Ruth Buckingham and her New York friend.

She replied, "They are not in this evening."

"Did they not intend to go to the dance this evening?"

"The dance is tomorrow evening," she replied. Jack looked at me, and I looked at Jack, but not a word.

Common Sense Versus Obstinacy

BY ERNEST W. FOLEY, '13.

"**W**HOA, there," sang out Joe Hemenway loudly to his horses. The horses willingly stopped and stood panting and sweating in the muddy road. They were big, thick-set, powerfully-built, but in spite of their strong muscles and staunch frames, they were thoroughly tired from pulling the heavy load of wood through the deep mud.

"Whew!" exclaimed another young farmer, Hemenway's team-mate, coming up from behind. "If this ain't bad going I don't know what is. How do the horses stand it? Pretty well tuckered, ain't they?"

"Naw they're gettin' through all right," said Joe, with an exclamation of disgust at the question.

His companion expected such an answer, but he went up beside the horses without noticing it, and began stroking their necks and rubbing their noses. The hard-working animals pricked up their ears in appreciation of this kindness, but they occasionally turned an eye distrustfully toward Hemenway.

The men were dressed nearly alike, both wearing old caps, reefers, and overalls tucked into short rubber boots. Joe was a light-haired, square-mouthed man, with a hard glint in his blue eyes, but his companion, whose name was Seaver, had dark hair, kindly brown eyes, and a gentler but more intelligent manner of accomplishing a thing than Hemenway.

Joe came up and took the reins. "Hold on, hold on," said Seaver. "There's no need of starting yet. Let 'em get a good rest." "You don't think we're goin' to camp here all day, do you?" asked Joe. "Gid dap, there." The horses lunged ahead, but they could not move the load.

"That's what we get for stoppin' here," exclaimed Joe, hotly. "The wheels have sunk into the mud, now, whoap, come on, there," he added, to the horses, beating them with a whip.

"Here now," burst out Seaver, a determined look coming into his eyes, "don't you begin whippin' them. If they can get it out at all they'll do it without bein' whipped, so that won't do any good."

"It won't! is that so?" returned Joe. "Go along, you, go long."

The whip was again applied, but the load would not budge and Seaver tried again to stop Joe from whipping the horses.

"Come, now, Joe," he said, trying to be calm, "that's no way to go at it. Why can't we loosen up the wheels?"

"Huh! whoever heard of that," muttered Joe.

"Well, there's some way to get out without thrashin' the horses. And if you don't quit it, I'll make you," said Seaver, now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, if your goin' to get mad about it I s'pose I can stop," answered Joe.

"No, I won't either. Them horses are goin' to pull that load out of this mud."

Only for an instant was Seaver daunted by this determined statement.

"You will stop," he said, grasping the reins.

Joe was almost too angry to speak.

"I don't care who you are," he managed to blurt out, "I'll have no imposin' on me like that," and his big right fist shot out and hit the other's shoulder.

Seaver also lost control of himself, and he made a rush at Joe and knocked him down. Joe got up, covered with mud. He was so enraged he could not think what to do, but he finally turned and walked away. Seaver watched him disappear around a corner, and then he turned to the load, which, after a little extra work and encouraging words for the horses, he managed to get free.

"I don't care if he did go off mad," he said, as he trudged along by the team. He wondered at the same time whether he really did care or not, but finally he came to the conclusion that the storm would blow over, as was the custom of all other storms of this nature which affected the two. Joe was standing by the pump as Seaver drove into the yard.

"You goin' to help unload?" asked the latter.

Joe turned around. "You can unload it yourself, if you're so anxious to work," he sullenly replied and walked away.

Seaver smiled and began unloading.

"Joe'll sleep it off, I guess," he meditated, and Joe did sleep it off. For the next morning they went off good-naturedly together for another load of wood.

The Bare Tree

BY CHESTER B. WOOD, '15.

AT the edge of the woods was a young tree. It was about spring-time. All the trees were getting new leaves, but this young one was still bare as it is in winter

The wind passing by one day, heard a sad, moaning sound. He stopped to find what made it. Then he heard a voice all teary calling to him.

O! wind what shall I do? It is time for my leaves to come out. All the others have theirs. Every day the men walk by with sharp axes looking for dead trees to cut down for fire-wood. They pointed at me yesterday and said that I was dead and must be cut down soon. But wind, dear wind, I am not dead. I can feel my leaves inside, but cannot bring them out. Can you help me?

Then the wind blew up and blew down and blew this way and that way, as the wind does when it is thinking where to go next. He was very sorry for the little bare tree. He had brought it up in his arms when it was a baby seed and had laid it in the soft earth so that he felt like a father to it.

"Listen little tree," he said in a gentle tone. "Are you afraid of being hurt? For if I help you I must hurt you a little."

At least to be hurt will be better than dying," she answered. No, I am not afraid."

The wind shook the little tree, tossed its branches here and there, and then said: "To-morrow I shall come again and it will be much worse."

The next day all the tree tops were bending under a rushing wind and suddenly the little bare tree was rushed against and bent to the ground

"Oh! Oh! Oh! she cried". "You will break me I shall die O wind."

Yet she did not break, but sprang up again. Her little body at the ground was slender, and so the poor, little tree had nothing to lean upon.

When she could breathe again she said, "Oh now I can feel my sap running up my arm." Now I shall have my leaves again. I can feel them starting.

And the next day when the wind came he was gentler this time. I am very sorry I had to hurt you to wake your lazy roots," he said, "but it won't have to be done again. And then he left her in the care of the bright sun and the silvery mist and still night.

Again the men pass with their sharp axes flashing in the sun. When the bare tree heard one say. "I can't see that dead tree that we were going to cut down," she laughed so heartily that all her leaves danced on their stems.

A Day with Ellen on Ellen's Isle

BY DORIS O. HUMISTON, '15.

THE huge log burned and crackled merrily in the open fireplace, sending a volume of bright sparks up the chimney. Sometimes the fire would die down, and then a fresh gust of wind would make it burn even brighter than before. I had drawn a comfortable arm-chair close beside the fire and sat looking dreamily at the tiny flames darting over the logs. My lessons finished for the evening, I had been reading Scott's "Lady of the Lake," but the book had now dropped to the floor although I scarcely noticed it, for I was deeply absorbed in my thoughts. As the sparks seemed to travel, my thoughts traveled from the United States over to the Highlands of Scotland. With Scott's description of Ellen in my mind I pictured her on the banks of Loch Katrine listening to the old minstrel's harp. She resembled a Grecian maiden whose cheek was tinged with brown. Hair of glossy black, which might shame the plumage of the raven's wing, and dark eyes which sparkled with gladness, love or joy, as the mood might be. A heart filled with loving kindness for all humanity. When the picture was complete in my mind a great stretch of water rose up before me. Next, I was surrounded by large fir-trees overtapped with Scotland's pride, her giant mountains, and although it was late in the Spring they were covered with snow and ice.

Far over the water I saw a tiny object coming toward this shore. When it neared here I perceived that it was a tiny skiff occupied by a Scotch maiden dressed in Scotch plaid. In a very reasonable length of time the boat drew up to the shore, and the maiden beckoned to me and asked me to accompany her in her boat. I stepped in, and the boat quickly glided to the opposite shore. While going over the lake, I learned that this young lady was Ellen, and that the isle ahead of it was Ellen's Isle. She told me about her life in Scotland which was very interesting. On reaching the shore, which was lined with stately trees, we passed through and entered the clearing where Ellen's home stood. It was a rough lodge of good size, shaped from logs. The crevices were filled with leaves, clay and moss, to protect the inside from the wind, rain and snow. To one side of the door stood the Idaen and ivy vines. We entered the cottage and saw that the interior was very much like the exterior in roughness. All about the rooms were lying swords and skins. Ellen introduced me to her Aunt who told me stories of the swords and other things of interest until the noon hour was reached. The table was laid, and we were served with venison and berries. After dinner I bid Lady Margaret goodby, and we returned to the boat, Ellen rowing the boat to the opposite shore. After landing, I bid Ellen good-by, and watched her until she had disappeared from view. Then suddenly Loch Katrine faded away and all grew dark. I started to cry out, when I awoke and found myself by the dying embers of the fire.

Hester Stanley's Arithmetic Lesson

BY VERA HOLDEN, '15.

HESTER STANLEY was a dark haired girl of sixteen. She was staying at a boarding school while her father and mother were in France.

Hester liked all her studies at school, with the exception of arithmetic, which she might have liked better if it had not been for the teacher. The teacher, Miss Smith was very cross and stern, and none of the girls were very fond of her.

On this particular morning they were having an arithmetic lesson Miss Smith had just called upon Hester to recite.

"Which piece of brown bread would you rather have Hester, a tenth or a hundredth," asked Miss Smith.

"A hundredth," answered Hester calmly. "Why Hester, I am surprised at you. Little May Allen could tell you better than that. You may go and stand in the corner till the end of the lesson," said Miss Smith, now very much excited.

Hester took her place in the corner, and Miss Smith continued with her lesson. "Now May, will you answer my question?"

"Why Miss Smith, I would rather have the tenth of course," replied May.

"Now Hester you may take your seat, and do not be so foolish again," said her teacher.

"If you please, Miss Smith," said Hester, her eyes sparkling with mischief, "you did not ask me which was the larger, but which I would rather have. I said a hundredth which is the smaller, because I do not like brown bread."

Hester now walked up and took her seat. The girls began to laugh. Miss Smith did not like Hester, and tried not to laugh, but soon found that she could not help it. She saw that she had been out-witted for once. After that Miss Smith was always very careful about the questions which she asked Hester, especially in arithmetic.



At last the season has come, when the out-door athlete has a chance to come out and show his mettle. Those, who have been waiting all winter for the good old spring-time, may now work out in the open air, and drive the kinks out of their bones.

The baseball and track candidates, who have been waiting with insurpressable expectancy to show their worth, will be very much in evidence for the next three months.



L. H. S. should be able to show her heels to the best of them in track, because there is some excellent and reliable material, which may be depended upon when the crisis comes. The baseball team should also be a better one than has represented the school for some years as practically all of last year's team will try for the team this year. This material, with some promising new candidates, should form a nucleus for a good team.

It is time for the boys to wake up to the fact that we have an excellent chance to run away with both the baseball and track championships this year.



Wake up to your possibilities students of L. H. S., your opportunity to share in sports was never better than at the present time. You cannot hope to win, however, unless you can show your full strength in everything that you enter. No school can hope to win and have half the team taken off the squad again and again. It is not the proper spirit for fellows who are bright and smart enough to get their lessons, to continually flunk and impair the strength of the team. It is decidedly unfair to the whole school as well as to themselves. Accordingly, boys get your lessons, and bring the honor and success to the school that you are surely capable of doing. Again, do not question the action of the coach, who certainly has a right to make changes in his judgment which are for the good of the team.

The last two basketball games of the season have resulted in triumphs for Leominster High. Both victories were especially pleasing because our team went down to defeat before each, earlier in the season.

The score of the Fitchburg game was 25 to 10. This, however, does not adequately demonstrate the superiority of our team, over our old rivals.

Fitchburg came down here on March 11th, and although they claimed to have lost two or three of their best players, they were confident of winning. The game was rough throughout, and Mr. Hardy, of Cushing Academy who refereed the game, had his hands full penalizing the over-anxious and enthusiastic players.

Suhlke was the star of the game. He seemed to be in every corner of the floor at once. His passing and shooting, especially from free tries were excellent.

The score at the end of the first half was 14 to 6. L. H. S. was not content with this, however, and they got eleven more points, while Fitchburg could locate the basket for only four.

All the local boys played well, and Merriman was not far behind in his shooting. He got three baskets from the floor. Suhlke, Little and Crain each hit the net for two baskets. Jensen played best for the Fitchburg team.

The line-up :

L. H. S.	F. H. S.
Suhlke, l f.....	r b, McTaggart
Merriam, r f.....	l b, Goodrich
Little, c.....	c, Joel
Letters, l b.....	r f, Beer
Crain, r b.....	l f, Jensen

As a side attraction to the big game, Fitchburg's second defeated our second team by the score of 22 to 18.

The Worcester Boy's Club came here for a return game with our team on Saturday, March 18th. This team defeated our team earlier in the season. The game was easy for L. H. S. at first, but after Suhlke left the game, the Worcester boys got a new lease of life, and were really outplaying our team at the close of the game.

Suhlke played a fine game as long as he was on the floor. Merriman also played well. Herlihy played well for Worcester.

The second team played the second team of the Boy's Club on the same evening. Our team won by a small number of points.

The class championship games are now in progress and there is some close competition. This is especially true among the two upper classes. The race for the championship seems to be between the juniors and seniors, with the chances favoring the latter. They have many of the first team men now to play on the team. Before this, the first and second team boys were not eligible to compete in the class games, but now that the regular season is over, all boys are allowed to play. The freshmen and sophomore

boys are also determined to make a hard fight, and if they cannot win themselves, nevertheless, they are trying to keep one or the other of the upper-class teams from taking the championship.



The ninth grades are also playing their games for the supremacy among their grade. This encouragement of the younger boys is a very good thing and should bring out some talent for future high school teams. Accordingly more boys should take advantage of the opportunity given them, and help their respective teams to win. Room 4 seems to have the call at the present time, but room 3 is putting up a good fight for the banner. Room 5 also, has some good material, and this team may be heard from before the scheduled games are all played.

Spring

BY SULLIVAN, '11.

How softly sweet the spring-time air,
The wakening woodland fills,
And nature turns from restful care
To guide spring's gurgling rills.

The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look cheerful, bright and fair,
While from the valley comes the lure
Of spring-time's perfume rare.

How sweetly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the glen
The beautiful twilight seems to say—
"All's come to life again."

The merry milk-maids cheerful song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
And all spring's optimistic throng
The somber winter rocks.

And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
While nature with increasing joy
It's verdure now resumes.

By mother-earth we feel enthralled
As rapt in awe we stand
Each thing seems dyed rich emerald
By spring-time's magic hand.

And as the seasons pass along,
And as the months roll by,
Spring ever brings its joyful throng,
Whose spirit cannot die.

Exchanges

Herald (Holyoke High School). You have very neat and attractive headings for your School Notes, also the Athletic and Exchange columns. For such a large high school as was pictured in the February number, it seems as if there could be found people who could write, and thus enlarge your now good paper.

Greylock Echo (Adams High). Your literary department is especially well developed. What a fine lot of stories was found in the March number! They were conspicuous not only by their quantity, but by their quality.

Observer (Ansonia, Conn). Not a very large paper. Only sixteen pages! As far as it is carried, everything is well developed. "The Man of Service" is a very good story.

May you have all success in your first venture! *Squanicook Ripple* (Townsend). Although very, very small, it shows material for greater things in the future. Set a goal for yourself, and reach it.

The Academy Record (San Antonio Academy, Texas). An Exchange Column isn't for jokes. Have a joke column by itself, and keep up an exchange column. Don't write two pages of jokes, and at the end say, "We wish to announce—" , etc., and then give a mere list of the exchanges.

The Mirror (Waltham High School) is a good school publication, although on a small scale. "Sherlock Holmes' Diary" is very good.

The Alpha (New Bedford High). You surely keep up to your motto, "Loyal to our School," by the looks of the paper at least. It speaks well for your loyalty that you get out such a fine paper.

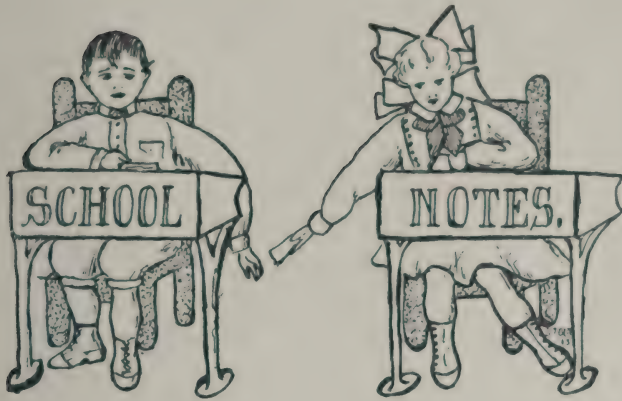
There are two, and only two, stories in *The Review* (Medford High). These however, are very good. If more just like them were printed, a fine paper would result.

The High School Beacon (Chelsea, Mass.) Since advertisements are necessary, why don't you put them all together, and not sprinkle them in among the literary department? It is very aggravating to reach the climax of a story only to see an advertisement, with story continued elsewhere.

Orange and Black (Marlborough High School). This paper certainly does not lack poems, as most of the school papers do. They are many and varied, and very good.

The Advance (Salem High School). Your Exchange Column is a fine one, and a long one too. But just one story! Don't neglect the literary department, even for an exchange column. It is too valuable to do that.

THE MAGNET also acknowledges the receipt of the following papers:—*The Argus*, Gardner High, *The Grotonian*, Groton School, *The Review*, Lowell High School, *The Breeze*, Cushing Academy, *The Interlaken Life*, LaPorte, Indiana, *Tufts College Weekly*, *The Grotonian Supplement*, *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, and the *College Signal*. M. A. C.



The Junior Class are planning to hold a dance in the Gymnasium, April eighteenth. Music will be furnished for the dancers by E. Percival Coleman.



We understand Miss Kivlan, '11, has founded a new bay which she has named "Shakespeare Bay," (Chesapeake).



Miss Lockey asked Miss Day, '11, "what sort of a thing she thought the Caucasus was?"

Miss Day (answered the question) "Some kind of an animal."



Mr. Corkum '12 has lately succeeded in securing a Paton (t) for his new invention.



HEARD IN THE ENGLISH CLASS

Teacher: (speaking of Emerson's opinion of Geometry.) "Everything about Geometry is imaginary."

Pupil: (without thinking). "Even the teacher!"



Last Friday being Temperance

Day, exercises were held in the Assembly Hall. Several members of the W. C. T. U. were present. There were remarks from the president Mrs. Webber, J. Ward Healey and Rev. Mr. Kettle. The music classes sang.



"H" stands for Helen who writes a letter to Tufts College every night before going to bed.



Puzzle: What part of the body is broken by love?

Answer: H (e) art '15.



What season of the year does Richardson '14 like best?

Why, Spring.



HEARD IN SENIOR U. S. HISTORY

Miss Smith, '11 "How do they catch slaves in Africa?"

Mr. Merriman, '11 "Spear them."



For private lessons in stage dancing apply to Miss Bona Smith, '11. First period Monday and Thursday.



A boy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information:

"Cat's that made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltease cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs—these are called Pursian cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorie cats. Cats with deep feelin's is called Feline cats."

A teacher in the kindergarten recently asked the class to give the definition of a lake. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand.

"Well, Mike, what is it?"

"Sure, 'tis a hole in the kittle, mum."

Bookseller—This sir, is an excellent book on swimming, and a very useful one, too.

Customer—Useful?

Bookseller—Yes, sir. If ever you find yourself drowning you have only to turn to pages 88 and 89 and there you will find full instructions how to save yourself.

"Mary had a little skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And every where that Mary went
She simply couldn't go."

The World on Wheels: "Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday,"

"What make of auto are you going to get?"

After a man reaches fifty "all going out and nothing coming in," describes the condition of his teeth, his affections, and his hair.

"Hello, doctor! How are you coming on with the payments on your new home?"

"I am within one appendicitis of the last one."

What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog?

One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other is killing with intent to salt.

Have you read Carlyle's French Revolution? the elder man asked and he was somewhat astonished to receive a negative reply. His astonishment increased as he ran over a list of standard works and successively received the same kind of an answer. Finally he asked:

"Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hair," Murdock responded eagerly.

SOME OF OUR GRADUATES

will be looking for jobs about the 30th day of next June.

CAN YOU EMPLOY ANY OF THEM?

If you want a young man or a young woman to work for you, let us recommend one.

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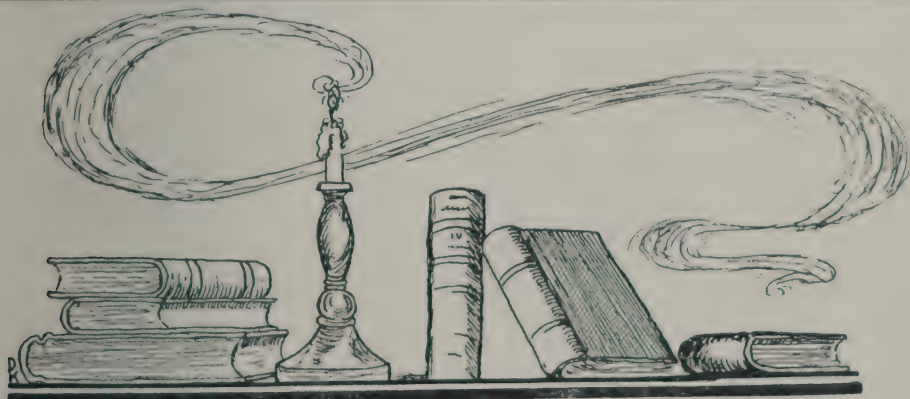
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EDITORIALS

EVERYTHING has a beauty somewhere — a beauty perhaps not yet disclosed, perhaps never to be disclosed except to the eye of the thoughtful observer. Let us, then, seek it out. For why should we live in darkness when light is all around us? So it is given even to the blind man to see, with his ears and his mind and his heart, the beauties of life and even the beauties of nature. He hears an oriole's song, and though a screen of night covers his eyes, he sees the golden bird with jet black wings liltng on a swinging bough, he sees the sunlight playing on its gorgeous

back. Did I say this man was blind? You pity him? Oh, there are many, many men more blind than he.

But the beauties of lots of things are not so evident as are those of the singing birds and the frolicking sunbeams. The beauties of some things are past—past but not gone. An old, weather-beaten tree, fallen on its side, keeps deep within its hollow trunk, where none but earnest desirers may read, a record of a happy time, in fact, of many happy times when tiny leaves sprang out and grew upon its now bare branches. We love it not for what it is, but for what it was.

On the other hand, the beauties of some things are not yet come. Should we therefore scorn them, or would it not be better to take a peep into the future and see what their chances may be? I once read a story about a man of literary ambitions (there are many such). He had no friends (geniuses never do). Struggling on, he at last produced a work of merit, and society immediately demanded his acquaintance. Disgusted with the world, he committed suicide. Now, if caterpillars could only foresee how the hatred of women would change into "Ohs" and "Ahs" of delight when they turned into butterflies, they would probably sigh at the fickleness of the world, and after the very next rain crawl into some puddle and drown themselves. Foolish man! Foolish caterpillars! If they could give anything to the world, they had better have stayed in it. It is not what the world does for us but what we do for the world that really matters.

But here, I have wandered a bit from the subject. The true reason for introducing the caterpillars was to show that we should not scorn a thing for apparent ugliness. The past and the future, as well as the present, must be considered before you deny that one single atom has beauty. I said "before you can," but even then you cannot. For there is beauty everywhere. Seek, and you will find, and be the happier for it.

M. EARL, '11.

The Butterfly's Wooing

BY MARGARET EARL, 'II.

A violet pushed a tiny bud
From 'neath the moss, from 'neath the moss,
A nearby trillium raised her head
With haughty toss, with haughty toss.
The violet shyly glanced at her
When she awoke, when she awoke.
The trillium saw and looked and laughed;
At last she spoke, at last she spoke.

You ope'd your eye a bit too late
To see him go, to see him go,
The butterfly with wings of gold
That glitter so, that glitter so.
I'm sure he's quite in love with me,
For every day, yes, every day
Three times he circles 'round my head
Then goes away, then goes away.

Next day the violet saw him come
On lovely wing, on lovely wing.
She looked and loved, and all her heart
Began to sing, began to sing,
But when she saw the trillium's head
Go flouting high, go flouting high,
With modesty she looked away
And breathed a sigh, and breathed a sigh.

Turned from his course while flitting near
By fragrance sweet, by fragrance sweet
The golden creature fluttered down
At violet's feet, at violet's feet.
The trillium's color left her cheeks,
Her head she bent, her head she bent,
And—yes, the trillium's nodding still;
For pride is spent, her pride is spent.

The Fabric of Dreams

BY BERNICE SKINNER, '11.

IT was a fine June day, and life seemed very good except for the shadow which darkened my joy. My mother was ill, and specialists said she could not recover, but if Dr. Baklauff's great discovery was tried, there was a chance. My brother and I had been sent to interview this doctor regarding the great draw-back in this otherwise wonderful invention. The draw-back was that some young person must allow half of his cartilaginal organs to be grafted on the diseased organs of the sick person. I was the only one of our family who was physically able to stand the great shock.

My brother and I were seated in the tiny office of the doctor, and I was dazedly listening to the verdict.

"You must understand, young lady, that the loss of these important organs often causes the one on whom it is tried to become white haired and wrinkled."

So said the great man in his weightiest tone, and twiddling his thumbs he continued "Yes, madam, in nine cases out of ten, this happens."

I tremblingly replied, "Well, I must try it to save my mother."

The specialist frowned, and my brother looked troubled, for I was young and passably good looking. We left the doctor and returned home. The next morning the operation was to be performed, and today was the last day of my youth and beauty, for I did not think of myself as possibly the tenth case. That evening I ate little supper and hurried upstairs to dress for I had asked some of my friends to spend the evening. They came, and I wanted to tell them of what was troubling me, but I feared they would think me vain, and I prayed then and there that I might be still considered one of them in spite of my altered appearance. They did not question me about my quiet way, but set it down, I suppose, to my anxiety for my mother. In fact, I think they were a little surprised at my invitation to spend the evening. They played games and laughed and sang until a reasonably late hour. I was glad when they went, for I wanted time to think, and my heart was like lead; for we all love youth, and no one but is a little selfish. I thought and thought of the future until my head ached, and I wished I could sleep. My throat felt dry, and something seemed pursuing me. Suddenly, I knew I was dreaming, and I tried to wake. At last, with one despairing effort, I threw off that dreadful nightmare, and woke to find myself a school-girl and a day of lessons before me.

Since that dream, I have solemnly sworn never to eat another welsh-rarebit, to read another article on medical research-work, or to wear my hair in curl papers to bed. And I have also tried to find cartilaginal in the dictionary, but I have failed.

True Heroism

BY DAVID E. SULLIVAN, '11.

Folks laud the hero of a war,
Or dread-naught's warring cruise,
Where honor greets the ones who win,
And death the ones who lose.
But I sing the praise of a hero true,
Who fights against his sins,
Who wages battle strong and hard
Against himself, and wins.

I sing of him who stands upright,
Upon true honor's side,
And battling with a lurking foe
Casts ev'ry vice aside,
Who tramples on his passions strong,
And stands from day to day,
E'er holding forth a helping hand
To brothers led astray.

I sing a song of a man of love
With kindness in each word,
Who rather wins one by his love
Than conquers by the sword,
Though judgment of a few may shout
And laud the former's name,
The latter truly earns a place
In Honor's hall of Fame.

The Winning Hit

BY LOUIS LITTLE, '11.

IT was quarter past three, when the umpire said, "Play ball." It was the game which would decide the championship of the league, and both teams were out to win. It seemed to me that every person in town, young and old, was out to see the game. The policemen had their hands full, holding the crowd in check.

For five innings neither team scored; but, Leominster got two men to third base. The first of the sixth inning the crowd were brought to their feet by a two base hit made by the second base-man of the Fitchburg team. The next man singled, and the man scored from the second. The next three men went out on the strike-out route. Fitchburg had scored. It was only one run, but it looked as big as a hundred to the Leominster boys.

For the next two innings, nobody scored, and the game was growing more exciting. In the last inning the Calumets (the Leominster team) came to the bat for the last time. The first two men were easy outs by the short-stop to first base. This made the supporters of Leominster feel disappointed and disgusted, while, on the other hand, the Fitchburg people were very hilarious. The next man at the bat was hit by a pitched-ball and was sent to first. The Leominster pitcher was the next batter, and he was applauded as he toed the plate.

On the first pitched ball, the man on first stole second. There were two strikes and three balls on the batter, and the next pitched ball would decide the game. The crowd were on their feet and cheering with great excitement. The pitcher made ready to deliver the ball and use all the skill he possessed. The batter met the ball with all his force, and it sailed over the fence for a home run, thus winning the game.

It was my first experience in a game of this kind, so, needless to say, I was very nervous, though not as much so as the man who fainted in the excitement of the winning hit.

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last, an extra large wave washed over his shoe-tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D' ye want to drown me?"

Mr. Stubb (with illustrated weekly): Martha, here is a picture entitled, "Docking an Ocean Greyhound."

Mrs. Stubb: Well, I don't want to see it. I think there should be a law against clipping off a poor dog's tail.

The Race

BY WILLIAM COBURN, '15.

IT was one of those clear days in January. A large number of people had assembled to see the horse races. The people had been waiting for this event for many weeks.

"Wall," drawled farmer Hicks, "Who do you reckon will win this 'ere race? Peres to me young Mathews has got his equal this time, or I miss my guess."

His remarks were addressed to Mr. Green who had come to witness the race.

"Guess Sparkle kin come putty nigh keepin' up to his lanky colt."

The two horses which were attracting the attention of the crowd were Sparkle and Arrow. Away from this group a boy was standing beside a lank, black horse. The horse was very ungainly with his small feet and tall legs. No one heeded these two. The horse whinnied and put his nose up to the lads cheek to be carressed, for Dazzle was the pride of Danny's heart. Danny's father had died a year ago, leaving a small farm and a few dollars.

"Wall, seems as if 'twas 'bout time they'd line up," said one. The crowd was getting restless.

"Now is the time for those who wish to compete in the race," cried the starter.

The course was a mile and a half long, and the horses trotted down the ice. They were a pretty sight in the frosty air with their tossing heads and their slick coats shining in the sun.

"Now, Dazzle, after them! You and I will show them how to go, won't we?"

A shout of laughter went up as Danny started to follow the other racers.

"Spect you'll win?" asked Hicks, as Danny passed him.

"Dazzle and I are just going to see who wins," replied Danny.

"Wall, I reckon, ye had better stay down at this end to be in at the finish."

The horses grew smaller and smaller, and the click of horses shoes grew dimmer and dimmer, and only the keenest ear could detect the sound of the moving feet. You could hardly tell which was which. The crowd talked and laughed until the pistol gave them warning that the race had started. On they came, drawing nearer and nearer. The sounds grew louder and louder. Whose horses were those neck to neck? Surely they must be Sparkle and Arrow, and still the horse that is gaining seems to be higher than Arrow. On and on, faster and faster.

"Wall, I'll be durned if that aint Danny's old lanky horse," shouted Hicks. "Come on Danny, you'll win yet."

Dickison who was riding Arrow, waved his whip, and it descended upon the horses side, and the horse darted forward.

Danny carried no whip, and there were only fifty more yards to go.

The crowd was excited, and yelled their encouragement, each to the one he wished to win.

"Danny, why didn't ye have a whip," cried Hicks.

But wait, see! Dazzle is gaining. He is neck to neck with Arrow. Danny's voice is heard now. "Dazzle, Dazzle, show 'em now, show 'em you can do it. Come dear old Dazzle—now."

It is over. A great shout went up in the frosty air. "What is the name they are shouting? That's it, Dazzle, Dazzle, Dazzle."

Bings, Naturalist

BY R. B. LADOO, '10.

IT was a beautiful June day, warm, but with a gentle breeze to temper the atmosphere. The broad meadow at the edge of the woods, the narrow brook, the trees, the flowers, the birds, all seemed at their best. The fields were deserted, save for a quaint figure of a man, on his knees, bending over the brook. From his position, it was difficult to judge him well, but he seemed to be tall and thin. His small, spectacled eyes were set deep in his long, thin head.

"Most remarkable! Indeed, most remarkable! Such a specimen of *minum novium* have I not seen in many a day," and with an eagerness of a child with a new toy, he clutched up a piece of moss from the edge of the water. Then, settling back, Bings (for such was his name), squatted like a Turk, and carefully examined the bit of moss in his hand.

"What a most singular coincidence, that I should come upon this, while seeking butterflies—a most singular coincidence, I'm sure," he murmured to himself, delightedly. "Now where shall I put this most precious specimen?" he asked of no one in particular, and commenced a systematic search of his pockets. "Ah! The very thing," and he carefully stowed away the prized specimen in his none too spacious spectacle case, and buried that deep in his innermost pocket.

"Now that is safe, I am free to pursue the insects of the air," and he clamored to his feet, picked up his net, slung his specimen case over his shoulder, and started aimlessly off. "Ah! What a beautiful 'gianculis nuntor.' I must surely have it," and, dropping his hat and case, he started running toward the butterfly fluttering a few yards away. He ran with long, awkward strides, his coat flapping in the wind, and both hands holding the net high in the air. He did not notice the figure of a young woman emerge from the edge of the woods and approach his butterfly from the other side.

She was of medium height, and the perfectness of her figure was accentuated by her simple garb. Clad in a sailor blouse and short walking skirt, she seemed hardly more than a girl. Grace Norworth, a senior of Radcliffe, and laboratory assistant in Botany '11, recognized Bings at once.

She stopped; then, as if struck by a happy thought, she ran on toward the butterfly; she would test his memory. She, too, carried a net, and was determined to capture Bings' coveted prey. What a contrast she formed to him! He was tall and lank, she of medium height, and graceful, he running with awkward movements, she running easily, with her beautiful, brown hair streaming behind her, revealing a beautiful face, fresh with youth.

Surely he must see and recognize her, she thought; but he, intent on the chase and looking only in the air, saw nothing but his prey. Nearer each other they approached, but Bings was unconscious of all but his quarry.

Suddenly the insect dipped downward, and both nets swished through the air to scoop him in. There was a sharp clank as the two metal rims collided, followed by an exclamation of surprise from Bings, and one of disappointment from the girl, as the butterfly placidly fluttered away, climbing higher and higher, until he became invisible.

Bings, the unromantic, dropped his net to the ground in confusion and stammered, "I beg your pard—, that is, er—I am very sorry. I was most er—awkward. I hope you will forgive me, er—I—didn't see—you, er, until er, You see how it was," he finished desperately.

The girl smiled delightfully, and in a most engaging tone replied, "Oh, that doesn't matter, at least, not very much. His wings were so bright and pretty that I thought I would like him for my den. You see I only collect the beautiful in nature."

While she was speaking, Bings kept his eyes fastened on her, and seemed to be endeavoring to hide some emotion. When she finished speaking, there was a moment's silence. Then Bings, feeling that something must be said began again. "I'm so glad,—that is, I am very sorry, that—er—you lost the butterfly. You see I'm glad that it really didn't matter much. It's a—er—beautiful day, isn't it?"

The girl, mistaking his emotion for sorrow at the loss of his specimen, agreed that it was a beautiful day; then said in a troubled tone, "I hope Mr.—Mr."

"Bings," he offered quickly.

"Mr. Bings, that the specimen was not valuable to you. I should have known better than to have tried to get it. Will you pardon me?"

Again looking at her queerly, he hurriedly answered, "Oh, no, not at all. I mean it was not valuable to me. I am sorry I could not get it for you." Bings blushed as he said this, and he felt as awkward as a school-boy.

But she, apparently, did not notice him; she was folding up her net and arranging her hair. When she had finished she turned to him, holding out her hand, "Good-bye, Mr. Bings, I hope you will be more successful next time," and turned to go.

"Good-bye, Miss, er, Miss—," Bings began, expecting her to finish. But she merely exclaimed mischievously, "Mis-hap," and ran lithely toward the wood, leaving Bings stupified and perplexed.

As she disappeared, Bings said thoughtfully, "A most remarkable, and most delightful young lady, truly remarkable, delightful. Then, in deep

thought, he walked to his hat and case, mechanically put them on, and started for the nearest station, where he took a train for Cambridge.

Late that night Bings lay restlessly in bed, thinking of some very important subject. As he tossed about, he said to himself, "I wonder who she was. Have I ever seen her before? I wonder if I will ever see her again."

A week or two later, Bings announced to his section in Botany I, that a field trip to Spring Glen would be substituted for the next regular meeting. Accordingly the class, or, at least, a part of it, with Bings at its head, descended from the semi-daily train at Spring Glen. The day seemed much the same, to Bings, as the last eventful day which he had spent there. Perhaps it was a trifle warmer, and, if anything, just a little more beautiful. The students were feeling very jolly, and jested boisterously as they followed the long strides of their instructor.

"I wonder what is troubling old Bings lately. He's been looking melancholy for over a week," one of the students observed cautiously to his neighbor.

"Probably he's in love," was the somewhat doubtful reply.

"In love, nothing! That fossil is positively love proof. More likely he had a mishap in some of his precious experiments," quickly rejoined the first speaker. And both were right, in a way.

Bings was too absorbed to overhear the discussion. He was thinking of the girl and wondering if she would be out collecting on this day. He was more deeply interested in her than he was willing to admit to himself, and he was silent during the long, dusty walk to the fields. As soon as they reached their destination, Bings pointed out the extraordinary bed of moss and set the class to collecting specimens. Then he went over and, seating himself on the stonewall at the edge of the wood, stared moodily across the fields where he had met *her*.

While still dreaming of the past, he heard a shout followed by a series of joyous greetings. He looked up, and there he beheld the girl of his dreams, accompanied by two other girls. His heart gave a leap and, little thinking how it would seem to his class, he rushed to her side. She greeted him with a smile and a hearty handshake.

"Ah! Professor Bings, what a delightful coincidence that we should meet again at this same spot!" Then she introduced him in form to her two companions, who seemed to retain their gravity with difficulty. But Bings did not notice their behavior, and they hurried away leaving the two alone.

"Oh, my dear young lady, what do you suppose I can care for the names of your friends when your own you withhold from me," Bings began eagerly.

But she only laughed and said, "Don't you really know my name? Think it over tomorrow at eleven," and, joining her companions, went on through the woods.

Bings stood there a full minute, more mystified and disappointed than ever. Then he slowly walked to where his class were amusedly watching his queer performance. He came to himself with a start, and, realizing what had happened, he brusquely ordered the fellows back to work.

Eleven o'clock the next day found Bings abstractedly viewing section 3 of Botany 11, at work in the Radcliffe laboratory. Yes, *he* was there, but his mind and heart were back in the fields with the girl. Why had she acted so strangely toward him? Why had she refused to understand his purpose? What had she meant by "tomorrow at eleven o'clock?" Bings asked himself hopelessly.

Suddenly, a melodious voice at his elbow roused him, as though he were shot, with the words, "Today at eleven." He stared hard at the girl, and with a cry of joy he sprang to his feet. "What! you? At last you will let me know you?"

With a smile she replied; "Why, I believe no one would object to your knowing one of your assistants; at least, by name," and she passed on to her work in the laboratory.

"Er, Give It a Bit of Thought"

BY ETHEL RYAN, '15.

FOUR girls had started out on one of the famous Mayflower hunts, which are very common in many little country villages in early May,

It was a perfect day overhead, but the fields and pastures were wet with late April showers. A robin or an occasional bluebird from a leafy bough sang a greeting to the party as they passed by.

The girls had started in the morning, and it was drawing near noon—when they were about to give up after a fruitless search. Suddenly a long drawn "Oh"! was heard from a far end of the pasture. It was a pass word for the rest of the party to hasten to the spot.

The enraptured voice belonged to a girl who was pointing to the most beautiful clump of trailing arbutus in the pasture. The party ran pell mell through the swamp, regardless of the quagmire a few steps from the flowers. The clump was picked clean before they began to recognize the fact that there was no way of escape from the swamp.

They had gone so fast over the dangerous places that they had escaped sinking in the deep mud. Despair and fear filled every one. Each thought of terrible tales they had heard of the swamp consuming people, as easy as if it were a pond.

After a while, they heard the faint tinkling of cowbells in the distance. How welcome it sounded. If cows were near, there might be some prospect of help from their owner. Luckily there was a whistler among them, who whistled until she was answered by a faint trill.

Soon a freckled faced boy of about eighteen years appeared, with a switch in his hand to drive the lazier cows along with.

He came near the swamp bashfully, and touching his broad-rimmed hat said, "I heard a whistle and, er, seein' they 'haint very common in this lonely pasture, the first danger I thought of was this yer' swamp."

He sunk some stones into the mud and put some boards on top of them for a bridge. He then guided them to the road. The party told him of the inviting clump of mayflowers and the results of its temptation. He smiled when he bid them good-bye, and said, "Next time when such temptations come to yer, 'er' give it a bit of thought."



At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, it was decided to drop baseball until such time as we may be able to secure grounds to play our games. Many of the townspeople as well as most of the pupils regret to see our school without representation in our national game. The old trotting park grounds have been leased by another local team, and as they are the only grounds which have been available, it was from necessity that baseball was taken from the list of sports.

This matter of grounds has been more or less a problem for a number of years, and it shows the necessity of securing an athletic field for our high school sports. The yard in the rear of the high school affords ample room for an athletic field; although the filling and grading of the ground would necessarily incur quite a good deal of expense, the field would afford a permanent campus. There would be one other great advantage and that is, that the athletes are within easy reach of the shower baths which are a great addition to their needs, and something that they have not been able to enjoy after their football and baseball games.

The baseball schedule was nearly complete and comprised all of the neighboring high schools. The prospects were very good for a successful season but lack of grounds has rendered cancellation imperative.

10

The school should be represented by an exceptionally fast track team this spring, since there is to be no baseball. The Amherst college track team is to hold an interscholastic track meet at Pratt's field, Amherst, on May 13th, and we have been invited to enter a team. Coach Watson has the boys out nearly every day practicing for the coming meets.

The interclass games which will come soon will serve to bring out some material. We should especially be strong in the pole vault, high jump, hammer throw, shot put and discus. There will also be some good material to hold up the honor of the school in the other events. We have one more reason for wishing to win the track championship since the baseball games will have to be forfeited to the other members of the league.

Merriman and Griffin who won many points for L. H. S. last year will be out for the team again this year. Merriman can give a good account of himself in the pole vault, dashes and jumps, while Griffin is particularly strong in the weight events. Smith, Sweeney, Garland, Suhlke and Maston should also show up to good advantage. Haynes is capable of making good time in the half-mile and mile runs. These are only a few of our athletes who can give a good account of themselves at any of the school trackmeets.

The football team is to have a good leader next year in Suhlke who played a star game at tackle during the fall of 1910. Suhlke is a Junior, and he was a tower of strength to the L. H. S. last year. We hope that under his leadership L. H. S. will make a clean sweep of victories and keep up the good work of last fall. The football games with Fitchburg next fall will be on Columbus Day, Oct. 12, in Leominster, and on Thanksgiving Day in Fitchburg.

Life

HELEN WOODBURY '11

At first a dream of pure delight,
And next a song of praise;
Then shifting veils subdue the light,
And grayness o'er us sways,

But often, through the settling dark,
God sends a rainbow bright,
When rising like the soaring lark,
We leave the clouds of night.

So,—just a little time to sigh,
A little time to trust;
A fleeting wind glides softly by,
Then,—hush! a little dust.

Exchanges

The Oracle (Malden High School). The stories in your March number are exceptionally good. Don't your personals take up a good deal of room? It seems as though this space might be used to better advantage.

The Chronicle (Hingham High School). Your exchange editor certainly has made good in the Exchange Column. All the criticisms are full and to the point. If every paper followed the suggestions found here, improvement would be made.

The Phillips Andover Mirror. Your stories are long, and well written. These, together with an editorial page, and a list of exchanges, comprise your paper. Why not add some of the other departments usually seen in a school paper? You surely would see a vast difference in your publication.

The Calendar (Buffalo, N. Y.). For such a large High School your school paper seems unusually small. Although there isn't much to it, what there is, is good. Perhaps your idea is that it isn't quantity, but quality, that counts.

Your *Suffragette Number* (Kenton, Ohio), is a fine sample of a school publication. The story "The Recess in the Wall" is certainly a good one, and well worked up.

Again we welcome a Westerner. *The Totem* (Seattle, Washington). Why do you at the bottom of a page say "continued on page 26"? It detracts from the enjoyment of a good story to be obliged to turn to hunt around in the back for the conclusion. Your school notes are good ones, as well as athletics. We are glad to see a column headed by "Debates."

Cushing Academy Breeze is above par this month. The stories, poems and notes are all exceptionally well written. For school notes, some one energetic has written a poem covering nearly two pages. It is excellent, and clever as well.

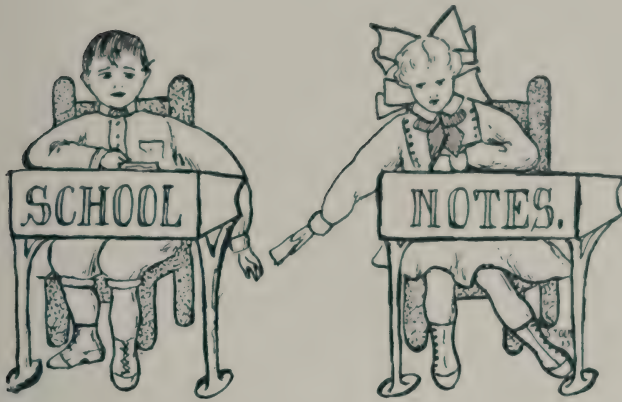
The Courant (Bradford, Penn). Your "A Senior's Alphabet," is fine. You surely had patience to work out such a good one. Where are your stories? Just one in the last issue!

Other publications which have been received this month are: *The Middlebury Campus*, *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, *The Grotonian* (Tufts' Weekly), *College Signal* (Massachusetts Agricultural College), *The Advance* (Salem), *The Student's Review*, (Northampton), *The Focus* (New Haven), *The Gazette* (Lynn), *The Student* (Detroit).

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"THE MAGNET, from Leominster, Mass., is a well developed and balanced paper, except in the literary department. Its stories are numerous, but much too short. Let's see a three-page story in there next time, please." —*Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.*

"THE MAGNET. Why not have a couple of long stories instead of so many short ones?" —*Malden Oracle*.



Burrage '12, translating: "Multa practero consulto." "I pass over many things voluntarily."

Miss L: Yes, you passed over reading the Latin, didn't you?



J. Richardson has lately succeeded in getting up his wireless with a "Cutter" spark gap.



HEARD IN GREEK HISTORY.

Miss Paton: Augustus promoted posterity.



HEARD IN GERMAN.

"Er ist Jahre lang ledig geblieben; He remained single for a year."



The Junior Class held a very pretty dancing party in the gymnasium Tuesday evening, April 18. There were about fifty couples dancing. The hall was very prettily decorated with class colors, orange and black, and at one end was a large nineteen twelve banner. The committee in charge of the dance were Howard Corkum, chairman, Mildred Safford,

Ruth Tisdale, Esther Mayo, Harry Howe and Herman Safford. The chaperones were Mr. Thomas E. Thompson, Mr. Watson and Miss May Birch. E. Percival Coleman furnished music for the dancers. Refreshments were served about 9.30, and dancing continued until 11.30.



HEARD IN GEOMETRY.

Mr. Sparks: How do you know that this is one of Euclid's propositions?

Mr. Person, '12: By its square legs.



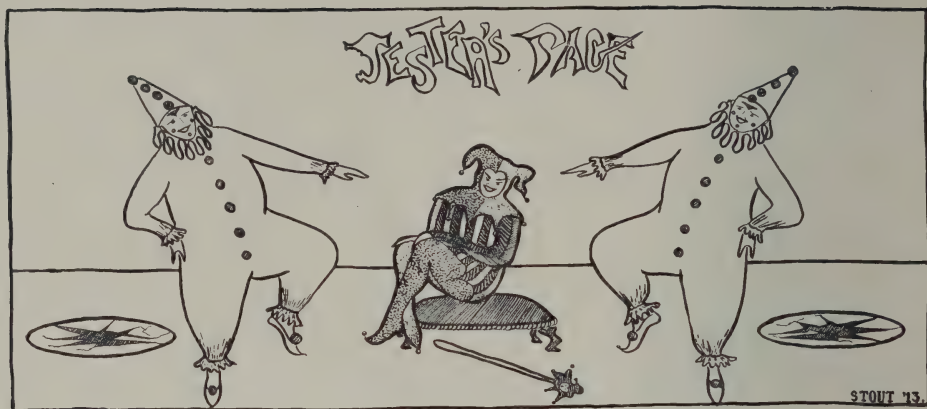
If the horse in the Gym. bothers the astronomy classes so much by prancing around at night, why don't they tie it to the stall-bars.



Some of the Washington tourists on their way home met Mr. Wriston who inquired if they found it noisy on the sound.



Mr. Sparks, who was accustomed to lead in the morning exercises, is greatly missed. His position as mathematics teacher is very efficiently filled by Charles B. Lamb of Saco, Maine.



Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice: "Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

Mrs. Jones: "Are you aware, Mrs. Skinbone, that your dog has just bitten my little Willie?"

Mrs. Skinbone: "What, your Willie who only just got over scarlet fever? O Mrs. Jones, if anything should happen to Fido, I'd never forgive you."

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said, "I'm sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship." "Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

A young man fell into a state of coma, but recovered before his friends had buried him. One of them asked what it felt like to be dead. "Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead, and I knew I wasn't, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that make you sure?"

"Well, I knew that if I were in heaven I shouldn't be hungry, and if I were in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

Customer: I want Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

New Clerk: There's the directory over in the corner, sir. Look it up for yourself.

"Little boy," said the lady, the heron plume of her hat bobbing indignantly, "you must not throw stones at the sparrows. It's cruel."

The boy did not seem overcome.

"I s'pose de guy what got de bird you're wearin' used chloroform," he answered.

There is a man in an English town whose name is Burst. It is a misfortune that would not have attracted much attention if he had not called his two children Annie May and Ernest Will.

Mistress: Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in.

Jane: 'Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised to kiss none but me.

SOME OF OUR GRADUATES

will be looking for jobs about the 30th day of next June.

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If you want a young man or a young woman to work for you, let us recommend one.

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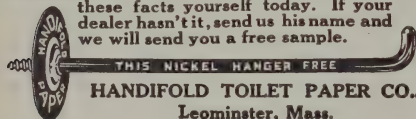
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CLASS OF 1911

THE MAGNET

Vol. IV.

LEOMINSTER, MASS., JUNE, 1911.

No. 9

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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CLARENCE SPILLER, '11, Assistant Managing Editor.

Margaret Munsie, '11 } Advertising Editors
Nellie Pierson, '11 }
Nellie Lothrop, '11 } Subscription Editors
William Jenna, '12 }

Frank Gaffney, '11, Athletics
Helen Woodbury, '11, Editor of Verse
Peter Knapp, '12, Sketch Editor
Bona Smith, '11, Jester's Page
Helen Richardson, '12, Exchange Editor
Mary Prevo, '12, School Notes

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Gladys Chapman, '11.
Ralph Lundigan, '14.
Ruth Burnap, '15.
Myrtle Farrar, '14.

Mina Stout, '13.
Milton Prue, '14.

Marion Kirkpatrick, '14.
Brownlee Gauld, '15.
Arthur Chandler, '15.
Olga Lawrence, '13.

Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.
Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



EDITORIALS

AS we, the class of 1911, are about to depart from active life in L. H. S., and to become alumni, it may be well to say a few words in regard to the athletic accomplishments of our class. We do not say the following with an eye to self praise, but rather to arouse interest in the under classes of the school.

We succeeded in winning the football and track championships by hard and faithful work. We hope that the foregoing victories are only suggestive of what following classes will accomplish in this

line. The lack of baseball grounds was, of course, the only thing which prevented us from winning the baseball championship. If plans do not miscarry, you, underclassmen, will have no such excuse.

It is up to you, Juniors, to stimulate the school spirit and bring it up where it belongs. Encourage the smaller boys to come out for the teams so that they will not think athletics are a monopoly for large boys. By doing this, athletics at L. H. S. will reach and be kept at the high water mark.

FRANK M. GAFFNEY, '11.

WE would call attention to the fact that though it is the end of the school year, the MAGNET is entirely given up to "Commencement." It is a strange fact that at every ending there is a beginning. At the end of Winter is the beginning of Summer, at the end of sorrow, the beginning of joy. Should we not believe then, that at the end of earthly life is the beginning of a new life? The universe is flooded with beginnings and endings, or, as I should say, endings and beginnings.

High school days are now over for 1911, but the school of life is still open to them. It is open to us all, both young and old. It is never, never, too late to learn. Knowledge is a vast thing, too vast, indeed, to be contained wholly within the walls of a school-room. Somehow it leaks out and spreads through all the world. It is something in which each one of us may have a share. The greatness of our share is in accordance with the greatness of our desire. Knowledge is free to all, that is to say, we may all obtain it. But it is a small apple that falls into the mouth of the man who lies beneath the tree and waits. The large ones hang in the top of the tree, reserved for the man who climbs.

M. EARL, '11.

Graduates

Muriel Ruth Armstrong
 Grace Lillian Barron
 Alice Rhea Bourbeau
 Clara Louise Boyden
 William Henry Brazil
 Beatrice Frances Brigham
 Gladys Louise Chapman *
 John Harold Crain
 Annie Marie Cumisky
 Gladys Katherine Daley
 Ruth Mary Day
 Alice Gertrude Donnelly
 Daniel Joseph Duval, Jr.
 Margaret Earl *
 Frank Michael Gaffney
 Herbert Leonard Gregory
 Robert Hamilton Griffin
 Kathryn May Harlow
 Mildred Wright Howe
 Rosina Margaret Jenna
 Harold Augustus Killelea
 Claire Mae Kivlan
 Theodore Edward Kloss
 Edwina Gordon Lawrence *
 Chester William Letters

Louis Little
 Nellie Louise Lothrop *
 Florence Theresa Lundigen
 Mary Adeline McCann
 Russell Gilbert Merriman
 Margaret Munsie *
 Grace Nicholson
 James Thomas Nicholson
 Lottie Ellen Oxley
 Helena Frances Pierson
 Bernice Louetta Prouty *
 Emma Florence Rahm *
 Maxwell Boehm Saben
 Charles Hermon Sanders
 Bertha Shapley *
 Bernice Loiva Skinner
 Clare Deering Spiller
 Alice Gertrude Smith *
 Bona Lois Smith
 Maurice Gordon Smith
 David Edward Sullivan
 Albert William Tenney
 Bernice Lillian Wheeler
 Helen Woodbury *
 Mabel Elizabeth Wright

**Class Honors*

Salutatory

BY BERTHA SHAPLEY, '11.

IN behalf of the class of 1911, I wish to extend a most sincere welcome to you, one and all. It is a great pleasure for us to see so many of our parents and friends here with us at our Commencement Exercises. We fully appreciate the interest and love which you have given us during the years of our school life.

We wish especially to thank you, our principal and teachers, for you are the ones who have worked with us and have always been eager to lead us on to higher knowledge. We feel that the greatest credit is due to you

and we sincerely hope that you may see the reward of your labor in our future lives.

As a class, we also wish to thank our parents for all that they have done for us. We realize that it has been a great sacrifice for many of you to give us these privileges which we have enjoyed.

To our under-classmates, we would also say that we trust you may enjoy the remainder of your school years, and that they may prove as helpful to you as ours have been to us.

As we are now to separate, our paths of life will differ greatly. Many of us are to pursue a higher course of study in technical schools, normal schools, and colleges, but though to many of us this higher education is important, we must all of us remember that there are many lessons to be learned in life beside the knowledge obtained from books. A general knowledge is what we most need, and this is obtained when a good foundation has been laid. We feel that the latter has been formed during the last four years. We shall all meet with difficulties and bitter disappointments, but we must look at the bright side of them all and remember that they help to strengthen our character, and that oftentimes our lives are made better and more beautiful by them. Many of the world's greatest men and women have won success after great difficulties have been overcome; so let us always remember these words of Marcus Aurelius: "That which is a hindrance is made a furtherance to an act, and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on the road." Or as Emerson has similarly said: "In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist."

The Future of Aerial Navigation

BY MAXWELL B. SABEN, '11

WHEN man first became tired, he looked around for some easier mode of transportation than that of walking. Thus the horse and other beasts of burden came into use. For centuries man was content with this means of travel until little by little he found he needed a still faster way to get from one place to another. He was now further developed mentally. His thoughts turned towards mechanical motion, and he invented the steam engine, the electric car, and automobile. A similar change took place on the sea, also, and the steamship has replaced the dugout of the primitive savages. After developing travel to such a high degree of perfection man next began to look for a way to combine both land and sea travel and the airship was the outcome of his experiments.

At the present time there are two kinds of controllable contrivances for aerial navigation, that is the lighter than aircraft, and the heavier than aircraft. Just now the most attention is being paid to the latter because of the enormous cost attached to the operation of the dirigible.

Of the heavier-than-air type of machine there are two prominent kinds. The monoplane and the biplane. The monoplane has one set of "wings" or "planes" and the biplane two, as the names signify.

Although the dirigible is not meeting with as much favor as the heavier-than-air machines now, I believe, nevertheless, that it will be used extensively in the future. In war it will be used as an ammunition wagon, and for the transfer of troops. It will also be used for passenger travel, owing to its large carrying capacity.

There is much discussion as to which is the better, the mono or biplane. I think they will both be employed in the future, each having its use. The monoplane will be used for extremely fast travel, and the biplane for longer flights which will be made slower and therefore will call for a machine with more sustaining surface.

Let us consider for a moment the rapid advance of the art of flying during the last eight years. In 1903 the Wrights startled the world by making a few short flights of about 850 feet, occupying from twelve to twenty seconds. Since that time the lengths of the flights have increased until we find Tabuteau flying 320 miles at a stretch and Farman remaining in the air for eight hours!

When we think of this advance being accomplished in eight short years, and when we are told that aerial navigation is still in its infancy, it is almost impossible to imagine what will have been accomplished in another ten years. There will be established air lines then, just as there are railway lines now. It is safe to prophesy that there will be flights that will last days at a time, the airships acquiring a speed of from 150 to 200 miles per hour. One will be able to cross the continent in two days at the most, and the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean will be crossed without a stop.

In the future the aeroplanes will be built upon the same general lines as now, but with added improvements. One improvement that must come is that of automatic stability. If flights of many days were to be made, it would be impossible for a man to keep his machine on an even keel by means of levers, as is done now. His nervous system would be wrecked after a few flights and he would not be competent to run any machine.

Although the aeroplane will be used for many purposes its chief use will be in warfare. In the army aeroplanes will be used for scouting purposes. At a height of 500 feet the range of vision is thirty miles. It has been recently proved that maps can be made during flights, and since wireless apparatus has been successfully installed in airships, the aeroplane scout of the future will be able to map the enemies' position and at the same time report their position to headquarters. Another use for the aeroplane will be to carry the general and other officers to different parts of their command.

If the aeroplane had only been discovered and used before in war, it would have had a great effect on history. Here are some examples: Napoleon would never have met his Waterloo if he had had a company of aerial scouts; for such scouts could not have failed to see the ambush laid for him by the English. Again, instead of reading of Sheridan's famous ride

on horseback we would hear of how he flew the twenty miles in less than that number of minutes

The uses of the aeroplane in warfare will not be confined to the land alone, but it will play as great a part on the sea. Ely's remarkable flight to the U. S. S. "Pennsylvania," in San Francisco harbor, Jan. 18 of this year, goes to prove the use the aeroplane will be in naval warfare. All battle ships of the future will carry airships. These will be used for numerous purposes, For scouting and bomb dropping. These aeroplanes will also be equipped with pontoons so that they can land on or rise from the water.

Every nation recognizes the part the aeroplane will play in war and they are all preparing for this new kind of attack. Very recently the United States has conducted tests with kites. At a distance of five to seven hundred yards, out of 160 shots at an area of about five square feet, forty hits were made. There has also been invented by a Brooklyn inventor a torpedo designed for the destruction of aeroplanes. This torpedo is three feet in length, made of brass with a tapering head. It holds a powder which when ignited forms a gas which in turn is forced against a propeller to propel the torpedo. The head of the torpedo is filled with dynamite and small shot. When the torpedo explodes this shot is scattered and tears everything to pieces which it strikes. Although this torpedo may work well enough it would be a difficult task to hit an aeroplane going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and when they can turn and dip and manoeuvre so rapidly.

Another thing that shows that the danger of the aeroplane in warfare is recognized is the fact that the United States has recently detailed officers to learn to run machines, and also that they are contemplating starting an aviation school at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Not only will the aeroplane be used in war, but it will also be used for commercial purposes. Of course it could not carry as much as a railroad car, but the aeroplane has carried already seven passengers, and if mail and merchandise were substituted for these, it would amount to a good deal.

In the future aeroplane travel will be as safe if not safer than by train and steamship. Even at the present time there are comparatively few accidents when one takes into consideration the reckless way in which the machines are driven, and the strain that is put upon them. After exhibitions become less frequent, the fatalities will also become less frequent, for men will not try all kinds of stunts, and daredevil tricks, in attempting to out-do one another, but will drive with care.

One of the most interesting questions pertaining to future aerial navigation is that of law. Everyone knows that a man owns as far down into the earth beneath his property as he wishes to go. Why is it not just as reasonable that he should own the air above his property, and keep out aeroplane trespassers just as he would foot passengers on the earth? Now suppose a man does wish to keep aeroplanes from flying over his grounds. How can he bring an offender into court unless he too has an aeroplane to catch him with? Let us say that he does overtake him, he is now confronted with another problem, how can he prove to a court that this is the right man, when aeroplanes carry no license numbers as automobiles? How can a man be

awarded damages if a flying machine flies over his land when it has done no damage nor taken anything away from him?

Another question relating to law is that of how smuggling by aeroplanes can be stopped. True, an aeroplane could not carry much merchandise, but a handful of precious stones do not take up much room, or weigh much either. Even if countries do have their borders patrolled by airships to stop smuggling, it would not be very difficult for an aeroplane to slip through on a cloudy day.

Thus since the aeroplane is going to be used in war and in peace, for business and for pleasure, it will be well worth any one's time to study this great invention, and to prepare for it.

Class Song

BY NELLIE L. LOTHROP

Tune: "FRAT."

Four happy years have passed here,
Four years of work and play;
Many bright hours we've spent here,
Many a toilsome day.
Often we've studied hard here,
Oftentimes gone astray;
Still we have worked together,
Still we have won the day.

Now life together ceases,
Each to his chosen way;
Duties beyond us calling
Bidding us not delay.
For honor each is striving,
Greater things yet to win;
Though high school days be ended,
Life is but to begin.

Here's to our dear old colors,
Honorable green and white.
Here's to the jolly schoolmates,
Here's to our four years bright;
Here's to the patient teachers,
Helping us on to right;
Here's to success we aim for,
Striving with all our might.

Farewell

BY D. E. SULLIVAN, '11

As rivulets flow to the sea,
Their tribute waves deliver,
Dear School, we bid farewell to thee,
Oh, be it not forever!

Though thousand suns may stream on thee,
Though thousand moons may quiver,
And though we wander far from thee,
We can forget thee never.

We have our lessons richly learnt,
Before our ties we sever,
And though we leave thee now, thou art
With us in spirit ever.

Ah! need we say good-by dear School !
We do not part in spirit;
Our actions from this day shall tell,
Thy sterling worth and merit.

We hold fond mem'ries of the times,
We've spent while here together,
And parting' mem'ries will endear;
Our L. H. S. forever.

Ah, teachers, dear! brave missionaries
Of Knowledge, Freedom's ally,
We bid farewell to thee, prepared
To force back Falsehood's sally.

We've learned to search for what is true,
Uphold a falsehood never;
And traveling o'er the path of life,
To fight for Truth forever.

You've given us Truth's armor,
To battle Falsehood's fire;
And be the battle short or long,
Our motto is, "Still higher."

We've reached the higher school of life,
Experience doth teach it;
We'll "hitch our wagon to a star,"
And do our best to reach it.

An Appreciation of the Beautiful

By HELEN WOODBURY, '11.

THE subject of Beauty is an old one. Artists, sculptors, poets, philosophers, men of all ages, have either consciously or unconsciously tried to search out the beautiful; some beneath the guise of art and song, others openly and freely have dreamed and written, and spoken, of beauty. Even in those dark ages of long ago, known only by mystic song and fabulous legends, we find a race of people seeking out the beautiful.

This race of people called themselves the Greeks, and are gratefully remembered today because they have helped the world to understand and to appreciate the beauty in life. Their art, with all its joyful spirit of expression, is far finer and nobler than the conventionality and blind indifference that is found in the American art of today. Then religion, with all its gods and goddesses, their nymphs and dryads, has such beautiful symbolization that we, who are charged with being most lamentably materialistic and superficial, cannot begin to appreciate or to understand it. Their poetry, with all its fullness of joy and of gladness, has today a freshness and charm as of roses still wet with the dew of morning. So in sheer joy and delight must the Greeks, the first poets of all ages, have sung in the morning of the world.

Christ, speaking to the multitude upon the mountain, said: "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of the beautiful. Wherever there is beauty and power, harmony and joy, light and love, there is God. For He is beauty and power, harmony and joy, light and love. They are but names by which we call Him, just as the Chinese call Him "Lord of Heaven," the Egyptians, "I am that I am," the Greeks, "Zeus," the Romans, "Jove." He is the "Pure Reason" of Republican France, and the "Universal Love" of the scientists.

Do we not, as a people, think too much of our material, bodily needs, and thus lose the real happiness of life? Keats says, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Then let us make the beauty of life, truth, and the truth of life, beauty. Why do we persist in this mad rush for place and power, and material welfare? Why do we not stop a bit in this scramble for gold? Why are we not satisfied until we have facts threshed bare of every kernel of vagrant fancy? Why are we so spiritually short-sighted that we allow ourselves to join that numberless throng who "having eyes, see not, ears, and do not hear?"

It is not necessary that all men should become creators of beauty. But it is necessary that all should cherish a love for it. For I believe that the love of beauty is a divine passion that shall at last lift us into the heaven of heavens, and make each and every one a seer and a prophet. Therefore, let us learn to take joy in painting and in music, in poetry, in mountains, in

woods and in ocean. Let us learn to invite our soul. Let us read the greatest poetry; lend our whole soul to the magic of music; contemplate the finest work of the masters in painting and sculpture. But, above all, let us seize every given chance to get away from these cities of iron and steel and stone.

When you are just existing or, infinitely worse, thinking as the old song goes that "earth is but a desert drear, heaven is my home," go out into the woods and fields where beauty rays from every flower that grows. Lose yourself in the Infinite; bathe your soul in the sunlight. Let the gentle rustling of the leaves, the gurgling, tinkling laughter of the rills, the songs of birds, find echo in your heart. The world is yours—this beautiful, happy, smiling land. Now can you be sad? Is earth but a "desert drear" when it is unfolding to you vista after vista of beauty—forest-crowned hill, flower-bright dell, blue lake and winding stream?

But there are some to whom the gift of understanding nature in all her moods has not been given. And it is these people whom I now invite to behold beauty as it is wrought by the genius of men. Let us sweeten our lives with the gentle, refining influence of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." Let all the majesty of the Greek art and the charm and sublimity of Michelangelo serve to heighten and develop our ideals and instincts.

But feed the spirit with beauty, as well as the mind. Let Beethoven speak to you through his beautiful "Moonlight Sonata." Let the grand, majestic chords of the "Messiah" tell you what Handel's highest conception of beauty was. George III, in describing the "pastoral symphony" in this oratorio, said, "I could see the stars shining through." And so shall we see the stars of our ideals when we let music allure us into that state of perhaps real trance in which dreams and visions arise and become a part of us.

But, by chance, a cold and wintry night confines you to your home, outside a north wind sweeps by with a desolate moan, and the snow is beating softly against your window panes, come, draw your chair up to the fire-side and enter with me into that wonderful, enchanting land of stories. Let us wander with Dante through the regions of abandoned hope; muse with Omar Khayyam on the vanity. Let us enter that shadowy "Land of Heart's Desire" with William Butler Yeats and dream the old celtic dream with Fiona Macleod. The wonder and the beauty of the celtic poets is that they see beyond the poignant sadness at the passing of the things of the world, and instead of stopping to sigh with Omar Khayyam, "Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose," they look ahead into the mystic future and behold another Spring appearing.

And think not that the search for beauty, and the love of it is vain, for beauty alone endures. Princes and principalities pass away, but the thought, the dream, the song of beauty does not die. The towers of Ilium are fallen, and the sons of the Achæans are no more, but still is the sweet, naive Erato with us, still do we offer gifts at Aphrodite's shrine.

Therefore let us arouse ourselves to the beautiful in art, and man, and nature. Let us strive to put this joy and harmony, and beauty, into all our work, and all our play. Nature and art, music and books,—let us appreciate the beauty and joy of our heritage, and enjoy it to the full.

Address to Undergraduates

BY JAMES T. NICHOLSON, '11.

THE time has now come when we, the class of 1911, must leave our place as a class in the Leominster High School. For four years we have struggled to gain knowledge with which we might enter broader fields of work, and now as we bear away this knowledge, we carry away a kindly feeling towards the Faculty who have struggled so earnestly in our behalf, and towards our schoolmates with whom we have enjoyed the pleasures of a high school life.

As we look back over our school life, we see many occasions when we might have spent our time to a little better advantage, and now as we are about to graduate, we cannot suppress the feeling that we ourselves were the cause of losing many valuable opportunities. In view of this, it is only right that we should try to aid you, undergraduates, to make your high school training more profitable by our own experiences.

The success of a high school education depends largely upon the course of study a pupil selects upon entering the school. Many times, unexpectedly, a pupil has a chance to enter college only to realize too late that he or she is not sufficiently prepared. And so, undergraduates, I urge you to use great deliberation in the selection of your courses.

The men and women who succeed in these days are those who seize their opportunities, and then make the best of them. So it is necessary in high school for each one to absorb as much as he can. In grammar school, stars and prizes are given to encourage study, but when a student reaches high school, he should not need such inducements. He should realize by that time that he is not studying for merits, or simply to learn what has been assigned, but that he is preparing himself for competition in an active world.

The schools of today have a triple aim: First, to develop the pupil intellectually, and then morally and physically. Now to be educated morally, does not mean the study of the Bible and doctrine. It does mean, however, that the aim of the schools of today is to teach the pupil to be able to distinguish between right and wrong, and to make them respect and practice good ethical principles. This is being done by upholding honesty and virtue, so as to make men and women noble in mind and character, and thus

enable them to cope with the duties of private and public, social and commercial life.

The modern age has profited by the mistakes of the Middle Ages. No longer can we recognize the student and scholar by his pallor, hollow chestedness, and emaciated body. Athletics, by our modern system, not only maintain a sound body for those naturally strong, but help develop to a greater degree of efficiency, the puny and weak. Athletics also stimulate courage and determination which will not only be useful in athletics, but will prove valuable assets in after life.

If you, undergraduates, grasp all the opportunities which the Leominster High School places at your disposal for intellectual, moral and physical development, you may finally go out into the world feeling prepared for the vicissitudes of life.

Class of 1912: You are now about to become Seniors and to acquire greater responsibilities. Upon you rests, in a great measure, the success of the school. You should now set the example for those beneath you, and if your conduct is unimpeachable it will more than any other influence help to make that of the other classes the same. We leave you as heads of a school that has a good reputation, and we exhort you to bring honor to yourselves and the school—by maintaining it. Because of your former prowess and records in Athletics it seems unnecessary to urge you to strive for yet higher laurels in that line, and all that we can ask of you is to make your records in scholarship surpass or at least equal your achievements in sports. Both your reputation on the track, football and basket ball make it most evident that your greatest task will not be self development but the work of inspiring and encouraging those beneath you to perpetuate the school record.

Class of 1913: You are now about to become Juniors and upperclassmen. You will be the "mainstays" of the Seniors and should aid them in setting a good example. Before you are fitted for this, you must realize your added responsibilities. Your quantity of brain and brawn already manifested leaves no doubt as to the records you are capable of making. Above all, we implore you not to lose sight that your school life is drawing to a close, and that you are attending school for a purpose and that you should set out to accomplish that end.

Class of 1914: You are no longer the main object of joke and derision, but sophomores, and with this new title may you put away your childish way. You should now realize that a high school is not a playhouse, but an institution of learning. Why not show us what you are able to do and prove that we have misrepresented you? Remember that your service is not wholly to yourselves but to the school and us.

The School: We now leave the MAGNET to the entire student body. See that it does not lose any of its good qualities and do your best towards making it gain more. It was with great satisfaction that we noticed short stories in the MAGNET undersigned by pupils of "1914" and "1915." This manifestation of interest, effort, and ability has quickened our own interest. It proph-



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esies eager anticipation of the MAGNET in colleges and workshops represented by our class.

During the last two years there has been a little better showing of school spirit, and we hope to see this feeling magnified. By fostering a deeper fraternal feeling in our school, we feel certain that this loyalty to the school and all its interest might be materially increased.

We feel that this might be accomplished by more social gatherings and class parties. Leominster has provided a good hall for such purposes and why should the school not use it oftener? But however great or little school spirit there may be, remember that all your conduct should support the honor of the school.

And so to the entire student body do we leave the honor and reputation of the Leominster High School. Do not let it be dishonored by any deed of yours and do your best to protect the name of the school, which we, in graduating, so proudly claim as our alma mater.

Love

Valedictory

BY MARGARET EARL, '11.

LOVE is that which binds man to God, and man to man. It is the ancient Oceanus, a broad river entirely encircling the earth. It flows, spreading as it flows, on and on, to infinity. There is a time and a place for everything. The time for love is now; the place is here.

Let us supply from the cause the result, kind thoughts, kind words, kind actions. Where love is, there they are. More inseparable than a miser and his gold, love clings to kindness, fondling and praising that which is of his own making. It were as easy to grow an oak without root, to build a house without foundation, as to produce kindness without love. Let us, then, consider the two as one.

Love follows the universal law of compensation, and "unto him that hath shall be given."

"Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need."

These two lines remain in my mind though the author is forgotten. So it is with love. The agent of love may have passed away, but love itself has life everlasting. Deeds of kindness form an infinite geometrical progression, constantly increasing by a constant multiplication.

I would refute the maxims, "Basis virtutum constantia," "Labor omnia vincit," and all such, saying instead, "Love is the basis of all virtue; love conquers all things." Love is an army in itself that storms the castle of man's heart.

breaks down the thick, gray walls, and leaves the heart exposed to the light and warmth of sunshine. Then sweeping on with an irresistible tide, it looks for other worlds to conquer.

Has love no goal, you ask? Nothing without end or aim is good. It does not give itself to plunder? No. It seizes lands to occupy.

"But how is this; it still goes on?"

Love is so great that it could leave a part in every heart and still be whole. Love's goal is up among the clouds. Its name is happiness, and on the standards tossing in the breeze, the motto, "*Non nobis solum.*" Happiness for the giver, happiness for the receiver. What object is higher than true happiness for all mankind?

He who has not love in his own heart sees none, or seeing, straightway hath. Even as man is convertible to any faith, so is he convertible to the doctrine of love, the greatest faith, which embodies the principle of all religions. Love, residing in man is a soul, without which man is dead, dead to the language of the winds, the songs of the birds, the secrets of the forests, and all—everything that is worth while in life. The body without the spirit of love is of no more good to the world than the body without the spirit of life. Why, then, should we seek to live if we cannot love? For

"Living is loving, and loving is giving."

It is each man's duty to his neighbor and to himself. He should rejoice that such a happy duty has fallen to his lot, that his neighbor, too, shares in the same good fortune. Thus are all men bound in one brotherhood by the common duty of love.

When love in Apollo's chariot drives on his daily round, scattering tiny sunbeams here and there along the way, all these little deeds of kindness form one flaming course. Then love, looking back, sees not the grandeur of his work, but only the smiles, reflections (all unknown to him) of his own radiant face. He is not afraid that one sunbeam may be wasted, but knows that "he who nothing risks will nothing have." So when perchance one strikes a slanting rock and glances off, it is not lost. Its warmth pours through the earth below and wakes a seed that's sleeping there.

Time immemorial has seen these deeds of kindness. Time everlasting will see them still. Whether you will be amid the army now, sometime among the army's honored dead, depends on you. Those who enlist therein, pledge not, but give their all without a pledge. The recompense they claim is great, the gift of Heaven, the perfect gift, and that is love.

The class of 1911, like a young recruit with eagerness to go, yet sorrow at departing, is starting out in battle-line. Though their eyes still follow the tossing standards, still cling to the lofty goal, they will look back with the vision of loving memory to these last four happy years. So may they be led onward in the light of knowledge and of love, true seekers after the Holy Grail, ever mindful that "They who truly seek with all their heart shall surely find."

Class of 1911

Graduating Exercises

June 27, 1911

Program

PRAYER

CHORUS—Soldiers' Chorus

Gounod

SALUTATORY

BERTHA SHAPLEY

ESSAY, "The Future of Aerial Navigation."

MAXWELL BOEHM SABEN

SONG, "A Rural Song."

CLAIRE MAE KIVLAN

POEM, "Farewell."

DAVID EDWARD SULLIVAN

READING, "KING ROBERT OF SICILY."

Longfellow

BERNICE LOUETTA PROUTY

CHORUS, "June" (Part Song).

Schnecker

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

ROBERT HAMILTON GRIFFIN

ACCEPTANCE

HERMAN FRENCH SAFFORD, 1912.

ESSAY, "An Appreciation of the Beautiful."

HELEN WOODBURY

CHORUS, "Song of Illyrian Peasants."

Schnecker

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES

JAMES THOMAS NICHOLSON

VALEDICTORY ESSAY, "Love."

MARGARET EARL

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Dr. A. H. PIERCE

AWARD OF MAYO AND NIXON PRIZES

Principal JOHN C. HULL

CLASS SONG

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